The Constellation.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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MISCELLANY.

We are aware that the following lines have been published before in this country—but perhaps it is not known that the author was the celebrated Mr. Hone, who defended a prosecution for libel before Lord Ellenborough some years since, and was acquitted. They will bear a second reading.

"Fill the cup, the bowl, the glass,
With wine and spirits high;
And we will drink, while round they pass,
To—Vice and Misery!

Push quickly round the draught again,
And drain the goblet low;
And drink in revelry's swelling strain,
To—Reason's overthrow!

Push round, push round, in quickest time,
The lowest drop be spent;
In one loud round to—Guilt and Crime,
And crime's just punishment!

Fill, fill again! fill to the brim,
To—loss of honest Fame!
Quaff, deeper quaff! while now we drink
Our wives and children's shame!

Once more! while power shall yet remain,
E'en with its latest breath,
Drink—to ourselves Disease and Pain,
And Infamy and Death!"

For the Constellation.

CRANIOLOGY.

[Translated from the French.]

"What think you of this brilliant Count de Pehf——? he has been at Court only a fortnight, and already all the women are in love with him. It is seldom you see so much grace and nobleness united to wit and learning. The Emperor wishes to marry and attach him to the court. I think he will go far."

"I have only had a glimpse of him. He has many personal advantages; but"——

"Don't make a hasty application of your system to him."

"My judgments are founded only on observation, and as yet I have not examined him with sufficient attention to be very positive; but a handsome exterior is not always indicative of good and eminent qualities."

"As for him I give him up to your closest scrutiny. Analyze his features; feel what you call his osseous protuberances, and I am quite sure you will think with me that a loftier soul was never enshrined in a more beautiful body."

"Perhaps so."

This conversation took place at a magnificent ball given at Vienna by Prince Metternich. There were assembled all the personages of the Austrian Court most distinguished for rank and fortune: all the ambassadors of the European Powers, all the high officers of the crown, covered with rich embroideries and orders; a crowd of charming women, young, elegant and graceful, sparkling with diamonds, and dressed with the greatest splendor. Amidst all these noble persons, the Princess de C—— through whom Metternich hoped to gain Alexander's particular friendship and good will, was very conspicuous; but young Count de Pehf——, whose brilliant exterior, high rank, and amiable qualities, had in so short a time made him a universal favourite with the fashionable society of Vienna, attracted even more attention and remark than the princess. The Count had left his fine Bohemian estate, and appeared for the first time at Francis' court, to whom he came to render homage as his sovereign. Metternich had already marked him as his own.

The first of the speakers was a man of about forty, whose person, though effeminate, was very prepossessing. He had an expanded forehead, a well-shaped nose, large blue eyes, and an agreeable mouth, around which an enchanting smile always played at command. His manner was winning, and put you at your ease in a minute. Perfectly self-possessed on all occasions, he knew how to mingle in the dissipations and follies of the great, but always with the determination of profiting by them. The second, although more than fifty years of age, had all the vigor and boldness of youth. His forehead, already bald, was high and open; his manly features announced habits of deep thought and decision. This was the celebrated Dr. Gall, the illustrious physiologist; the former was Prince Metternich, Prime Minister to the Emperor of Austria.

According to his usual custom, the Prince had retired in the middle of the fete, into the solitude of his closet, in order to despatch some business. Gall remaining alone, and struck with the warm partiality displayed not only by Metternich, but the whole court for the young Count, was determined to watch him closely, during the rest of the evening.

As Count de Pehf—— was finishing a minuet which he had danced with the beautiful Princess de Schw——, and during which every one had crowded around to admire his easy, graceful, and elegant manners, the Prince, who had returned to the saloon, and stood behind Dr. Gall, tapped him lightly on the shoulder:

"Well," said he, "have you scrutinized him narrowly; are you not now convinced that the Count is a paragon of perfection?"

Gall drew the Prince aside, without reply, and when they were out of the circle:

"Your paragon, Prince," exclaimed he, "is a monster!"

"By St. Mary! Doctor," rejoined the Prince with a smile, "you cannot be serious, or your system must be false."

"You are incredulous; but wait: time will show which of us is right."——

Some years after this a horrible and unparalleled crime spread dismay throughout Germany. The criminal was sentenced to be degraded from all his titles and dignities, and afterwards to be beheaded; the sentence was put into execution.

It was the brilliant Count de Pehf——!

Two months after the ball given by Prince Metternich, and in which he had figured so conspicuously, the young nobleman had married the heiress of one of the richest and most illustrious families of Hungary. Young and charming, she had but just made her appearance at Court, when the Emperor disposed of her hand, with her free consent it is true, for she had not been able to behold the Count without feeling for him the preference, which all other women gave him. Immediately after his marriage, the Count retired to a distant estate, wishing, as he said, to enjoy, without constraint, his newly found happiness. The first three years were happy ones; the birth of two children still increased their felicity. The Count lived in the closest seclusion visiting neither relations nor friends nor permitting any one to enter the castle. His wife, without having any open ground of complaint, found him cold, reserved, and severe; a gloomy frown frequently settled upon his features. Although he never spoke a harsh word to, or struck one of his vassals, they always retired from, or trembled at his appearance. He had but one pleasure, which was the chase; in all seasons of the year he gave himself up to it with equal and indefatigable ardor. The deer was his favorite object of pursuit. He was extremely dissatisfied when the animal was killed outright, and wished only to have it crippled; his delight then was to satiate himself with the sight of his agonies as he was torn in pieces by the hounds. When the struggle was protracted, and the death-rattle loud and prolonged, a singular smile animated his features, and he was cheerful for the remainder of the day. If the hunt had afforded him no gratification of this kind, he made his dogs fight, and allowed no interference till one was disabled. If they tried to run away, he pitilessly killed them with his own hand. These eccentricities however, did not seem more strange than those of many other Hungarian nobles who resided on their estates, and kept aloof from the Court. The Count moreover was very liberal and even profuse, to all who approached him.

During the last two or three months, he had attached a surgeon to his establishment; because he was determined that for the future no stranger should come near the castle. The surgeon was largely paid and had no other duty than to attend to the health of the inhabitants of the manor, but he had been enjoined by the Count to have as little intercourse as possible with any other persons, and particularly to observe profound secresy as to all circumstances, however unimportant, that might take place on the estate.

One afternoon the Count returned to the castle after an unsuccessful hunt; his looks were more than usually gloomy. Without changing his dress or taking refreshment, as was his daily custom, he hastened up to his wife's apartment. Her little children, her only pleasure and consolation, were around her; she immediately rose and rushed to embrace him. The Count ordered the children to leave the room.

When he was alone with his young wife, he told her to be seated, and placed himself before her in such a manner as to be able to see her slightest change of countenance. He then drew a long dagger from his belt, the blade of which was triangular and skilfully sharpened. He appeared to amuse himself by feeling its point now on the end of his finger, and then on the palm of his hand. The Countess, struck by this new and unexpected scene, cast her eyes down, and awaited the termination with inexpressible anxiety.

"Madame, you must die"——!

"What mean you!" cried the Countess, terrified at his words, and the hollow tone with which they were pronounced.

"I repeat it Madame, you must die, and that, without noise, without complaint."

Then seizing her by the arm, he stabbed her in the side; she fell fainting without a groan. When she came to her senses, she was upon the bed, and a dressing had been put upon the wound. The Count was alone with her in the room, his eyes steadfastly fixed upon her, his lips parted with a slight smile. He appeared happy in observing the different impressions wrought by fear or pain upon his victim's countenance.

"I have changed my mind, Madame," said he, when he saw she had entirely recovered from her insensibility, "you shall live; but your life will depend altogether upon your discretion. At the slightest whisper of what has or may hereafter pass betwixt us, I shall know how to insure your silence forever."

The Count continued his usual life. Every day after returning from the chase he went up to his wife's apartment, and curiously examined, but without speaking, the wound he had made. One evening, when it was nearly closed, after carrying the point of his dagger from one part to the other of the Countess' body, doubtless to increase her agonizing suspense, he inflicted a new stab, skillfully directed, at the same time commanding her, on pain of instant death, to utter no cry. The wound made, he appeared for some minutes to revel with delight at the sight of the spouting blood. He then coolly applied the bandage as before.

This second wound healed, he had every successive fortnight made a fresh one, and always with the same calm and inexpressible cruelty. No one in the castle suspected the true cause of the alarming and progressive state of weakness shewn by the Countess who was almost always confined to her bed.

Meantime, nothing could assauge Pehf——'s sanguinary monomania. The Countess' beautiful body was no longer but one horrible ulcer, furrowed as it was by her husband's dagger. Although the wounds were not deep (the monster with a refinement of diabolical cruelty, taking especial care they should not be mortal) yet they were so numerous that they threw the poor victim into a violent fever, and her life was in imminent danger. The Count after much indecision, determined to call in the surgeon, after a-new threatening his wife with the whole weight of his vengeance, if she betrayed his infernal secret, and stictly enjoining the surgeon not to endeavor to find out the cause of his patient's illness. He, like every every body else in the castle, imagined the Countess to be in a consumption from the austere, secluded, and mysterious life she led. Well skilled in his profession, he soon traced her situation to a more extraordinary reason; a man of benevolence and intellect a great admirer of her virtues and resignation, he succeeded in wringing the secret from her.

Without leaving the castle, he informed the authorities of what had taken place. One afternoon, as he returned from the chase, the Count found the castle-yard filled with cavalry. Arrested and taken to Bude, he was tried, condemned and beheaded.

An Important Discovery.—A writer in a Boston Daily paper has discovered that the fourth number of Peter Parley's Magazine is *minus* one interrogation point and two commas! Peter had better hire a "school boy" to sprinkle commas over his manuscripts. We recollect a student who not being able to arrange these troublesome points to the satisfaction of his instructor, omitted them altogether, and placed a host of them indiscriminately at the bottom of his essay. On his tutor's remarking as usual—there should have been a comma here, and a semicolon there—the wag answered "yes sir, I know it—you will find them all in the notes, sir."—*Exeter News Letter.*

Gold Growing.—The farmers of Pennsylvania strew their ground with lime and plaister, to promote vegetation, and great benefits have resulted therefrom, we are told. The people of Georgia are beginning to profit by the acuteness of their eastern brethren—the soil of the upper part of the state does not require, or rather will not be improved by lime; it is a gold region and consequently other provocations are employed; large boxes of brass filings are sent to that section of the State, for the promotion of the *growth* of gold. Whether it is strewed over the earth and mingled with the soil, or combined with the product we are not able to say; but certain it is that the profits of the mines have been greatly enhanced to the first workers, by the judicious use of the brass filings. A box of this excellent material, on its way to the gold region, accidently fell from a wagon in Augusta; the cover came off and the precious article was scattered about, to a great scandal of those who did not understand the great value of *brass* in all monied transactions.—*U. S. Gaz.*

Anecdote.—A few days since, a little ragged urchin was sent by a mechanic to collect a small bill which had but just become due. He began in the usual way, but becoming more and more importunate at length the gentleman's patience being exhausted, he said to him, "You need not dun me so sharply, I am not going to run away at present." "I don't suppose you are, said the lad, scratching his head—"*but my master is and he wants the money.*"—*Nashua Gaz.*

A Reproof.—"You remember Mr. ——, Sir," said Robert Hall to Dr. Gregory. "Yes, very well." "Were you aware of his fondness for brandy-and-water?" "No." "It was a sad habit; but it grew out of the love of story-telling; and that, also, is a bad habit, a very bad habit, for a minister of the gospel. As he grew old his animal spirits flagged, and his stories became defective in vivacity; he, therefore, took to brandy-and-water; weak enough, it is true, at first, but soon became half-and-half." Ere long he indulged the habit in a morning; and when he came to Cambridge he would call upon me, and before he had been with me five minutes, ask for a little brandy-and-water, which was, of course, to give him artificial spirits, to render him agreeable in his visits to others. I felt great difficulty; for he you know, Sir, was much older than I was, yet, being persuaded that the ruin of his character, if not of his peace, was inevitable, unless something was done, I resolved on one strong effort for his rescue. So the next time that he called, and, as usual, said—"Friend Hall, I will thank you for a glass of brandy-and-water," I replied—"call things by their right names, and you shall have as much as you please." "Why don't I employ the right name? I ask for a glass of brandy-and-water." "That *is* the current, but not the appropriate name; ask for *a glass of liquid fire and distilled damnation*, and you shall have a gallon." Poor man, he turned pale, and for a moment seemed struggling with anger. But, knowing that I did not mean to insult him, he stretched out his hand, and said—"Brother Hall, I thank you from the bottom of my heart." From that time he ceased to take brandy-and-water.

THE WIDOW OF HEBRON.

The article which follows is given as an illustration of the Traditions of the Rabbins on the subject of the doctrine of the transmigration of souls.

"The Rabbi Joseph, the son of Jehoshaphat, had been praying from noon until the time of the going down of the sun, when a messenger from the chief of the Synagogue of Hebron came to him, and besought him to go forth and pray for a woman who was grievously tormented. The Rabbi, ever awake to the call of human sorrow, rose from his knees, girt his robe round him, and went forth. The messenger led him to a building deep in the forest that grew on the south side of the hill of Hebron. The building had more the look of the palace of one of the princes of Israel than of a private dwelling. But if its exterior struck the gaze of Rabbi, its apartments excited his astonishment. He passed through a succession of halls worthy of the days of the first Herod, when Jerusalem raised her head again after the ruin of Antiochus, when her long civil wars were past, and she had become once more the magnificent city of the eastern world. Marble columns, silken veils suspended from the capitals of the pillars, tissues wrought with the embroidery of Sidon, and coloured with the incomparable dyes of Cæsarea, vases of Armenian crystal, and tables of Grecian mosaic, filled chambers, in which were trains of attendants of every climate, Ethiopian, Indian, Persian, and Greek, all habited in the richest dresses. All that met the eye wore an air of the most sumptuous and habitual magnificence. The Rabbi, however, had but a short time of wonder, before he was summoned to the chamber of the sick person. But all the costliness that he had seen before was eclipsed by the singular brilliancy of this apartment; it was small, and evidently contrived for the secluded hours of an individual; but every thing was sumptuous, all gold or pearl, amber or lapislazuli. And in the midst of this pomp, reclined, half sitting, half lying, on huge pillars of Shiraz silk, a female, whose beauty, in all the langour of pain, riveted even the ancient eye of the pious Rabbi. The sufferer was young; but the flush that from time to time broke across her countenance, and then left it to the paleness of the grave, shewed that she was on the verge of the tomb. The Rabbi was famous for his knowledge of herbs and minerals, and he offered her some of those medicaments which he had found useful in arresting the progress of decay. The dying beauty thanked him, and said in a faint voice that she had implored his coming, not to be cured of a disease which she knew to be fatal, but to disburden her mind of a secret which had already hung heavy on her, and which must extinguish her existence before the morn. The Rabbi, on hearing this, besought her to make him the depositary of her sorrow, if he could serve her; but if he could not, forbade her to tell him what might hang darkly on the memory of a man of Israel. 'I am the daughter,' said she, 'of your friend the Rabbi Ben Bechai, whose memory be blessed, but the widow of a prince, the descendant of Ishmael. You see the riches in this house; but they are not the riches of the sons of the Desert. They were desperately gained, bitterly enjoyed, and now they are repented of when it is too late.' As the lovely being spoke, her countenance changed; she suddenly writhed and tossed with pain, and in her agony cried out words that pierced the holy man's ears with terror. He cast his eyes on the ground, and prayed, and was strengthened. But when he looked up again, an extraordinary change had come upon the woman's countenance. Its paleness was gone, her cheeks burning, her hollow eyes were darting strange light; her lips, which had been thin and faded as the falling leaf, were full, crimson, and quivering with wild passion and magic energy. The Rabbi could not believe that he saw the dying woman by whose side he had so lately knelt, in the fierce and bold, yet still beautiful creature, that now gazed full and fearless upon him. 'You see me now,' said she, 'with surprise; but these are the common changes of my suffering. The deadly disease that is sinking me to the dust, thus varies its torment hour by hour; but I must submit and suffer.' The Rabbi knew by these words that the woman was tormented with an evil spirit; upon this he sent for a famous unction, which had been handed down to him from his ancestor the Rabbi Joseph, who had been physician to the King Herod the Great, and had exorcised the evil spirit out of the dying king. On its being brought, he anointed the forehead of the woman, her eyes, and the tips of her fingers. He then made a fire of citron wood and cinnamon, and threw on it incense. As the smoke arose, he bowed her head gently over it, that she might imbibe the odour in her nostrils, which was an established way of expelling the evil spirit.

"The woman's countenance now changed again, it was once more pale with pain, and she cried out in her torment; at length in strong agony she uttered many words. But the Rabbi perceived, from her fixed eyes and motionless lips, that it was the spirit within her that spoke the words. It said, 'Why am I to be disturbed with anointings and incense? Why am I to hear the sound of prayer, and be smitten with the voice of the holy? Look round the chamber. Is it not full of us and our punishers? Are we not pursued forever by the avenging angels? Do they not hold scourges of fire in their hands, and fill every wound they make with thrice distilled poison of the tree Asgard, that grows by the lake of fire? I was an Egyptian; five hundred years ago I lived at the Court of Ptolemy Philadelphus. I longed for power, and I obtained it; I longed to possess the fairest daughters of the land, and I possessed them. I longed for riches, and I practised all evil to gain them. I was at length accused before the King of sorcery. I longed for revenge on my accuser, and I enjoyed my revenge. I stabbed him as he was sleeping in his chamber. The murder was known; I was forced to fly. But I first sent a present of perfumed cakes of Damascus to the mistress of the man who made the discovery, they feasted on them together, and together they died. The ship in which I fled was overtaken by a storm. I was charged with having brought the anger of heaven on the vessel. I was seized, and about to be slain; I drove my dagger through the captain, sprang overboard, and reached the shore. From it, in triumphant revenge, I saw the ship and all the crew perish in the waters. I was now in the Great Desert of Africa; and was starving and scorched, until I lay down to die. But at the last moment an old man came from among the tombs and offered me bread and water. I followed to his dwelling in the tombs. He scoffed at my complaints of ill fortune, and swore to place me once again at the height of my wishes, if I would be ready at his call at the end of a hundred years. I could have then drunk fire and blood in my fury against mankind, and my thirst of possession. I swore to be his, and prepared to begin my hundred years of enjoyment.

"'I returned to Egypt. I had been supposed to have sunk to the bottom of the waters with the wreck of the vessel. My countenance was no longer the same. I began my career. I was full of wild ambition, eager desire, and matchless sagacity. I rapidly outstripped all rivalry. I rose to the first rank under the Ptolemies. I enjoyed the delight of ruining every man who had formerly thwarted me. All Egypt rang with my fame. I had secret enemies, and strange rumours of the means of my perpetual success began to be spread. But I had spies everywhere; a whisper was repaid by death. A frown was avenged like an open accusation. My name became a universal terror. But I had my followers and flatterers only the more. I trampled on mankind. I revelled in seeing the proud grovelling at my feet. I corrupted the lowly, I terrified the high, I bound the strong to my basest services. I was hated and cursed, but I was feared. Daggers, poison, secret rage, and public abhorrence, all were levelled against me; I encountered them all, defied them all, challenged and triumphed over them all. I was the most successful, the most envied, and the most wretched of human beings. But my passions at length changed their colour; I had lost all sense of enjoyment, habit had worn its sense away; the feast, rank, splendour, the adulation of the great, the beauty of woman, all had grown tasteless and wearisome. Life was withering. But I had a fierce enjoyment still, and one that grew keener with the advance of years. I rejoiced in the degradation of my fellow men. I revelled in corrupting the mercenary, in hardening the ferocious, in inflaming the vindictive, in stimulating the violent. I lived, too, in an evil time of the monarchy. Desperate excesses in the court were all but rivalled by furious vice in the people. The old age of the Greek dynasty was a sinking of the soul and body of dominion together. The deepest sensuality, the wildest waste of public wealth, the meanest extortion, the most reckless tyranny, all that could fester the memory of a nation, were the daily crimes of the decaying court of the Ptolemies. I had come at the right time. Invested with power which made the monarch a cipher, I exulted in the coming ruin—I blinded the eyes of this voluptuous tyranny to its inevitable fate—I had but little to do in urging it to new crime, but I did that little. I wove around it a web of temptation that the strength even of virtue could have scarcely broken, but into which the eager dissoluteness of the Egyptian court plunged as if it had been the most signal gift of fortune. I exulted in the prospect of my accomplished task of precipitating a guilty palace and people into utter ruin; but in the fever of my exultation I had forgot that my time was measured. At a banquet in the King's chamber I saw a guest whose face struck me as having been known to me at some remote period. He was the chieftain of one of the Bactrian tribes, who now came to offer compensation for some outrages of his wild horsemen on a caravan returning from the Indus to Egypt. He was a man of marvellous age, the signs of which he bore in his visage, but of the most singular sagacity. His reputation had gone forth among the people; and all the dealers in forbidden arts, the magi, the soothsayers, and the consulters of the dead, acknowledged their skill outdone by this exhausted and decrepit barbarian. The first glance of his keen eye awoke me to strange and fearful remembrances, but his first word put an end to all doubt, and made me feel the agonies of despair. At the sound of his voice I recognized the old man of the tombs, and felt that the horrible time for his payment was come. It was true I was to die—I was to suffer for the long banquet of life—I was to undergo the torture of the place of all torture—I was to suffer a hideous retribution for the days of my triumph. They had been many, but they now seemed to be but a moment. Days, months, years, were compressed into a thought, and I groaned within my inmost soul at the frenzy which had bound me to a master so soon to demand the penalty to the uttermost.

"'I flew from the royal chamber; my mind was a whirl of terror, shame, loathing, hatred, and remorse. I seized my sword, and was about to plunge it into my heart, and end a suspense more stinging than despair, when I found my hand arrested, and, on turning, saw the visage of the Bactrian. I indignantly attempted to wrest the sword from him, and drive it home to a heart burning with the poison of the soul. But he held it with a grasp to which my utmost strength was as a child's; I might as well have forced a rock from its base. He smiled, and said, "I am Sammael; you should have known, that to resist me was as absurd as to expect pity from our race. I am one of the princes of evil—I reign over the south-east—I fill the Bactrian deserts with rapine, the Persian chambers with profligacy, and am now come to fling the firebrands of civil war into this court of effeminate Asiatics, savage Africans, and treacherous Greeks. The work was nearly done without me; but Sammael must not let the wickedness of man triumph alone. He tempts, ensnares, betrays, and must have his reward like mankind. This kingdom will soon be a deluge of blood where it is not a deluge of conflagration, and a deluge of conflagration where it is not a deluge of blood." As he spoke his countenance grew fiery, his voice became awful, and I fell at his feet without the power to struggle or to speak. He was on the point of plunging me through the crust of the earth ten thousand times ten thousand fathoms deep, below the roots of the ocean, to abide in the region of rack and flame. He had already lifted his heel to trample me down. But he paused, and uttered a groan. I saw a burst of light that covered him from the head to the foot, and in which he writhed as if it had been a robe of venom. I looked up and saw a giant shape, one of the sons of Paradise who watch over the children of Israel, standing before the evil King. They fought for me with lances bright and swift as flashes of lightning. But Sammael was overthrown. He sprang from the ground, and cursing, spread his wings and flew up into a passing thundercloud. The son of Paradise still stood over me with a countenance of wrath, and said, "Child of guilt, why shall not vengeance be wrought upon the guilty? Why shall not the subject of the evil one be stricken with his punishment, and be chained on the burning rocks of his dungeon, that are deep as the centre of the earth, and wide as its surface spread out ten thousand times? I clasped his knees, and bathed them with tears; I groaned, and beat my bosom in the terrors of instant death. The bright vision still held the blow suspended, and saying "that I had been preserved from ruin only by being the descendant of an Israelitish mother, but that my life had earned punishment which must be undergone; as he spoke the words, he laid his hand upon my forehead with a weight which seemed to crush my brain.

"'I shrank and sprang away in fear. I rushed wildly through the palace, through the streets, through the highways. I felt myself moving with a vigour of limb, and savage swiftness, that astonished me. On the way I overtook a troop of Alexandrian merchants going towards the desert of the Pentapolis. I felt a strange instinct to rush upon them—I was hungry and parched with thirst. I sprang among a group who had sat down beside one of the wells that border the sands. They all rose up at my sight with a hideous outcry. Some fled, some threw themselves down behind the shelter of the thickets, but some seized their swords and lances, and stood to defend themselves. I glowed with unaccountable rage! The sight of their defiance doubly inflamed me, the very gleam of their steel seemed to me the last insult, and I rushed forward to make them repent of their temerity. At the same instant I felt a sudden thrill of pain; a spear, thrown by a powerful hand, was quivering in my side. I bounded resistlessly on my assailant, and in another moment saw him lying in horrid mutilation at my feet. The rest instantly lost all courage at the sight, and, flinging down their weapons, scattered in all directions, crying for help. But those dastards were not worth pursuit. The well was before me, I was burning with thirst and fatigue, and I stooped down to drink of its pure and smooth water. What was my astonishment when I saw a lion stooping in the mirror of the well! I distinctly saw the shaggy mane, the huge blood-shot eyes, the rough and rapidly moving lips, the pointed tusks, and all red with recent gore I shrank in strange perturbation. I returned to the well again, stooped to drink, and again saw the same furious monster stoop to its calm, blue mirror. A horrid thought crossed my mind. I had known the old doctrine of the Egyptians and Asiatics, which denounced punishment in the shape of brutes to the guilty dead. Had I shared this hideous punishment? I again gave a glance at the water. The sight was now conviction. I no longer wondered at the wild outcry of the caravan, at the hurried defence, at the strange flight, at the ferocious joy with which I tore down my enemy, and trampled and rent him till he had lost all semblance of man. The punishment had come upon me. My fated spirit had left its human body, and had entered into the shape of a savage inhabitant of the wilderness. The thought was one of indescribable horror. I bounded away with furious speed, I tore up the sands, I darted my fangs into my own flesh, and sought for some respite from hideous thought in the violence of bodily pain. I flew along the limited plains of the desert, from night till morning, and from morning till night, in hope to exhaust bitter memory by fatigue; all was in vain. I lay down to die, but the vast strength of my frame was proof against fatigue.

"'I rushed from hill to valley with the speed of the whirlwind, and still I was but the terror of the wilderness, all whose tenants flew before me. I sought the verge of the little villages, where the natives hide their heads from the scorching sun and deadly dews. I sought them to perish by their arrows and lances. I was often wounded; I often carried away with me their barbed iron in my flesh. I often writhed in the agony of poisoned wounds. Still I lived. My life was the solitary existence of the wild beast. I hunted down the antelope, the boar, and the goat, and gorged upon their blood. I then slept, until hunger, or the cry of the hunter, roused me once more, to commence the same career of flight, pursuit, watching, and wounds. This life was hideous. With the savage instincts of the wild beast, I retained the bitter recollections of my earlier nature, and every hour was felt with the keenness of a punishment allotted by a Judge too powerful to be questioned, and too stern to be propitiated. How long I endured this state of evil, I had no means of knowing. I had lost the human faculty of measuring the flight of time. I howled in rage at the light of the moon as I roamed through the wilderness; I shrank from the broad blaze of the sun, which at once parched my blood and warned my prey of my approach; I felt the tempest of the furious season which drove all the feebler animals from the face of the land to hide in caves and woods. I felt the renewed fires of the season when the sun broke through his clouds once more, and the earth, refreshed with the rains, began to be withered like the weed in the furnace. But, for all other purposes, the moon and the sun rose alike to my mind, embodied as it was in the brute, and sharing the narrowness and obscurity of the animal intellect. Months and years passed unnoted. In the remnant of understanding that was left to me in vengeance, I laboured in vain to recount the periods of my savage suffering; but the periods of my human guilt were, by some strange visitation of wrath, always and instantly ready at my call. I there saw my whole career with a distinctness which seemed beyond all human memory. I lived over every hour, every thought, every passion, every pang. Then the instincts of my degraded race would seize me again; I was again the devourer, insatiate drinker of blood, the terror of the African, the ravager of the sheepfold, the monarch of the forest. But my life of horror seemed at length to approach its limit; I felt the gradual approach of decay. My eyes, once keen as the lightning, could no longer discern the prey on the edge of the horizon; my limbs, the perfection of muscular strength and activity, became ponderous, and bore me no longer with the lightness that had given the swiftest gazelle to my grasp. I shrank within my cavern, and was to be roused only by the hunger which I bore long after it had begun to gnaw me. One day I dragged out my tardy limbs, urged by famine, to seize upon the buffaloes of a tribe passing across the desert. I sprang upon the leader of the herd, and had already dragged it to the earth, when the chieftain of the tribe rushed forward with his lance, and uttering a loud outcry, I turned from the fallen buffalo to attack the hunter. But in that glance I saw an aspect which I remembered after the lapse of so many years of misery. The countenance of the being who had crushed me out of human nature was before me. I felt the powerful pressure; a pang new to me, a sting of human feeling, pierced through my frame. I dared not rush upon this strange avenger—I cowered in the dust—I would have licked his feet. My fury, my appetite for carnage, my ruthless delight in rending and devouring the helpless creatures of the wilderness, had passed away. I doubly loathed my degradation, and if I could have uttered a human voice, I should at this moment have implored the being before me to plunge his spear into my brain, and extinguish all consciousness at once. As the thought arose, I looked on him once more; he was no longer the African; he wore the grandeur and fearful majesty of Azrael—I knew the Angel of Judgment. Again he laid his grasp upon my front.—Again I felt it like the weight of a thunderbolt. I bounded in agony from the plain, fell at his feet, and the sky, the earth, and the avenger, disappeared from my eyes. (*To be continued.*)

JOURNEY FROM NEW LEBANON TO BOSTON.

From Stuart's "Three Years in North America."

"New-Lebanon, which is considered the Buxton of America, is situated in a very beautiful district on the side of a sloping hill, from which the view of a fine amphitheatre of hills, and of a well culti[illegible] ley below, is extremely pleasing. In point [illegible] ry and fine mountain air, and charming rid[illegible] non possesses advantages which are not to [illegible] at Saratoga and Ballston,—but the Congress [illegible] wanting. The water here is chiefly used f[illegible] bathing, its constant unvarying temperatu[illegible] about 73 degrees of Fahrenheit.

The hotels at these springs are upon a gr[illegible] one of them affording accommodation for a[illegible] people. We lodged at one of the minor [illegible] which was recommended by the driver, and h[illegible] reason to be satisfied, as the landlord and l[illegible] both Americans, were at great pains to m[illegible] rooms warm and comfortable in a very stormy [illegible]

From New-Lebanon, we passed through [illegible] hilly country to Pittsfield, a clean looking [illegible] where the meetings of the Berkshire agricult[illegible] ciety, incorporated by the legislature of Verm[illegible] held, and reached Peru, a small village, wh[illegible] spent the night in a very good country hotel. [illegible] hotels on this road seemed to us faultless. W[illegible] not shown into a parlour of the stage-houses [illegible] we stopped, in which there was not a very t[illegible] library in history, philosophy, religion, and no[illegible] Paley, Rollin, Sir Walter Scott, Dr. Robertso[illegible] Cooper, are almost always on the shelves of a [illegible] case, and there is a piano in the room much o[illegible] than in Britain.

The next place of note where we stoppe[illegible] Northampton, in the western part of the st[illegible] Massachusetts, between fifty and sixty miles [illegible] Albany, and which, whether taking it alone, [illegible] conjunction with the neighbouring country, is [illegible]

edly the most beautiful village that I have ever seen in this country. The only place at all to be compared to it is Canandaigua. The villages of New-England are proverbial for their neatness and cleanness. Cooper, the well-known American writer, says truly, "New-England may justly glory in her villages,—in space, freshness, and air of neatness and comfort, they far exceed any thing I have ever seen even in the mother country. I have passed in one day six or seven of these beautiful hamlets, for not one of which have I been able to recollect an equal in the course of all my European travelling."

It is, in fact, hardly possible to figure a handsomer country than Northampton, or a more charming country than that in its neighbourhood; but the town is not more remarkable for neatness and cleanness, and for handsome and suitable buildings, and houses and gardens, than for beauty of situation, and the delightful scenery in its vicinity. No mere traveller who comes to this country will do justice to it, if he does not visit Northampton. If a traveller in Britain were to stumble on such a place as this, he would not fail to inquire whose great estate was in the neighbourhood, and attribute the decorations of shrubs, flowers, &c. which adorn even the smallest habitations here, to the taste of a wealthy neighbour, or to his being obliged to make them to promote electioneering views. Here every thing is done by the people spontaneously, and if any authority is exerted, it is by officers appointed by themselves.

The population of Northampton amounts to between 3000 and 4000. There is only one great broad street, with a few fine trees, in which are situated the churches and courthouse,—buildings decidedly ornamental, and of considerable size. But the beauty of the place, apart from the situation, arises from the great width of the street, and the light clean appearance of the white painted houses with their verandes, porticoes, and green Venetian blinds, enclosed with handsome white railings in large pieces of dressed garden-ground, ornamented with large old trees.—Northampton consists, in truth, of a number of villas of various sizes, but of very pleasing, though irregular, architecture, seeming to vie with each other in the taste and elegance of their external decorations.—There is primitive white limestone in the neighbourhood, and much of the pavement and steps are of white marble. The trees in the neighbourhood of the town are single spreading trees, principally elms and of considerable age,—the roads are wide, and the footpaths are excellent every where. We were shown the old elms that shaded the house of the celebrated President Edwards. At the hotel where we lodged, kept by Mr. Warner, the dinner sat down to us alone was as good and as well-dressed as at any London hotel. A very handsome female waiter attended us, and took her seat by us, very much as our equal.

Northampton is surrounded by rising grounds, on one of which is placed a flourishing academy, from which there is one of the best views in the town; but Mount Holyoke, situated on the opposite side of the Connecticut river, and about 800 feet high, is the hill which all strangers ascend, for the sake of the very extensive and glorious prospect from its summit.—There is not much difficulty in getting to the top, and the labour is fully repaid by the splendour of the view of the river Connecticut and its windings, and of a very rich and fertile valley. The valley contains the most extensive plain in New-England, well-cultivated, and populous. About thirty churches, all with spires, are seen from the top of Mount Holyoke, from which, too, in a clear day, the hills of New-Haven, on Long Island Sound, are distinctly visible.

The whole of the villages from Northampton to Boston, Belchertown, Ware, and Worcester, are handsomely laid out, and comfortable places, and every thing about them so neat and so much in order, that it is delightful to see them. If we had not been at Northampton in the first place, we should have been more loud in their praise,—but about Northampton there is so much more appearance of real comfort, and beautiful village scenery, than I have seen any where else, that it is absolutely necessary to moderate the language employed in eulogizing the other villages of New-England through which we passed.

On this journey from Albany to Boston, we never happened to reach any of the hotels at their regular hour of dinner; nor had we any of our meals at the same time with the boarders in the house. No difficulty was any where made on this account,—we were shown into private parlours every where, and had every thing we required as comfortable as if we had been travelling in England; and at the same expense as if we arrived at the hours of the general meals. There were obvious distinctions between the customs of the two countries; especially in the quantity of animal food placed before us at breakfast, and at tea, and in the demeanour of the female waiters, who never fail to seat themselves when their services are not required; but we wanted nothing that was essential, and had nothing to pay to drivers, waiters, or chambermaids.

The hotel at Worcester seemed to us one of the best on the road,—as good as any we have seen in the United States. The hotel-keeper there, when I told him that we wished to go to a private boarding-house at Boston, rather than to an hotel, recommended us to the house of Mr. Smith, in Howard street. On alighting there we were surprised to find the landlord a Scotchman, from Glammis, in Forfashire, a hospitable and kind person, who keeps a most excellent family hotel, and did not give us the less hearty reception, when he found that we were wanderers from the Land of Cakes."

BAVARIA.

A work in two volumes, called "The Tyrol," by Mr. Inglis, author of "Spain in 1830," has appeared in London, which affords, by some of its notices of the public institutions of Bavaria, information that may be useful in other countries, and with this view we quote what follows:—

Of the condition of Bavaria, its government and population, the picture he draws is very favourable. The paternal rule of the king, and the general happiness of the people; the illustrious patronage of the arts and sciences by the monarch, and the flourishing state of his small kingdom, seem to be models for imitation, however great the political power, or extensive and informed the country, which might take a leaf for a lesson out of the Bavarian system. Let us illustrate our position:—

"At Leutkirch," says the author, "we rested two hours,—and these two hours I occupied very agreeably. There was a children's feast; about two hundred boys and girls, all the girls dressed in white, headed by a band of music, and several banners, walked to a neighbouring hill, where preparations had been already made for their reception. And first, having formed two circles, the girls inside, and the boys without, a grave, but good humoured, elderly gentleman made a speech to the little people, commending them for their industry and proficiency at school, and telling them that they were assembled to enjoy themselves, to eat as much bun as they pleased, and to play till sunset; and he concluded by exhorting the boys to behave with gentleness and kindness to their female playmates.—Then the same old gentleman distributed prizes to the little boys and girls; and a quantity of embroidered and sewed work was then produced from a basket, and exposed to the grown up audience for sale, the proceeds to be appropriated to charitable purposes; and this being done, all the boys and girls were dismissed to their games. The next moment all were at play, boys and girls mingling promiscuously; numerous tables too were spread with buns, and light wine and water, to which the youngsters resorted for refreshment. One beautiful little girl, about twelve years of age, appeared to be queen of the games; she wore a chaplet of flowers, and seemed to be invested with the authority which was yielded alike to her superior age and charming countenance. It was altogether a beautiful and pleasing scene. New-fangled notions of education and propriety had evidently made no progress in Bavaria,—there was no torturing of nature; children were children,—not ridiculous caricatures of men and women,—and the buoyancy of childhood was not curbed by the silly prosaic maxims of modern philosophers. As for the sensible and kind-hearted old gentleman who lent his countenance to the children's feast, I could not resist the temptation of introducing myself to him, and expressing the great pleasure I had received. I found he was a magistrate of the town; and we spent a pleasant hour over a bottle of Rhine wine, and in talking of the improvements of modern times. They know but little in Bavaria of the march of mind; the old gentleman had never heard of mechanics' institutes, or libraries for the people. "'Tis a great discovery,' said he, 'but tell me one thing: are crime and vice diminished in your country, and are the people happier?' but as my voiturier was impatient,—the reins already in his hand, and the pipe in his mouth, I had an excuse to rise suddenly, and take leave of my kind entertainer; and we were soon on the road to Meiningen."

We are not led away by the *couleur de rose* on a passing scene like this, to underrate the actual wants which the same people may suffer; or to undervalue the substantial advantages which we of England, or France, or any other highly advanced nation, may have introduced in the stead of these simple and patriarchal means; but it does make one's heart ache to look on such enjoyments, and see them coupled with comparative ignorance; while, if we turn to the other side, and contemplate the lower orders where intellect has had his boasted march,—where the schoolmaster is abroad,—where there is a diffusion, or, more in the cant phraseology of the school, a spread of useful knowledge,—we are saddened with the effects of a diffusion of poverty, and discontent and wretchedness. Verily, to eat of the modern Tree of Knowledge seems as it were, to destroy the happiness of innocency, and to make us familiar with evil. Our very pleasures assume a more corrupt form. Men, women and children, are driven from those recreations which, in earlier and less enlightened times, were allowed as the solace for labour—the moments to unknit the ravelled sleeve of care: and pastime is regarded as if it were guilt. And what are the consequences? Vice prevailing in its most odious shapes—drunkenness, unmitigated by the puny efforts of temperance societies—the secret profanation of the Sabbath increased by puritanical attempts at enforcing outward observances—a dislike of all authority, growing with the growth of that meddling coercion which interferes with every pleasure of the poor and humble, but insists on their being educated, and improved, and industrious without relaxation, and moral and religious, and miserable. A calm view of the subject is absolutely distressing; we feel the abstract truth,—that superior information ought to lead to superior comfort; but when we look around us, over the surface of civilized Europe, we are tempted to exclaim with the poet—

"No more;
Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."

Ascending the scale of refinement, we learn that in Bavaria "the Academy of the Fine Arts was founded in the year 1808; in which painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving are taught gratuitously to above a hundred pupils; and the result has been gratifying to the founders. There are at this moment many most promising artists in Munich; and all who devote themselves to the study of any branch of the fine arts, may reasonably entertain the agreeable belief, that genius is assured of its reward, from the liberal patronage bestowed upon it by the present royal family. Besides the Munich gallery, there are several private collections worthy the attention of a stranger; particularly those of Prince Eugene, Duke of Leuchtenburg, and of the Count Richberg. Besides these, there are many other private collections; and I do not hesitate to say, that the true lover of the fine arts might find employment, and delightful employment too, in the picture galleries of Munich, during at least two months. I have already incidentally mentioned the Glypthothek, and now return to it with eagerness.—This most chaste and beautiful edifice, destined for the reception of ancient statues, was not quite completed when I visited Munich; but it had made so much progress towards completion, that one might well form an opinion of its claims to distinction. I do not hesitate to say, that a journey from London to Munich would be well repaid by a visit to the Glypthothek; which in the beauty of its marbles, is not equalled by any edifice in Europe. I say this with some boldness, having seen the marbles of the Escurial, which has hitherto been admitted to possess the finest marbles in the world; but nothing that I have seen either in the Escurial, or in any other edifice, will bear a comparison with the floors and walls of the Glypthothek. It is said, that this building is the king's hobby; and a charming hobby it is—to watch the elevation and completion of so beautiful a monument to the fine arts, nor less a monument to the good taste and wise economy of a Prince. Well indeed may the King of Bavaria enjoy a walk through the halls of his Glypthothek; and the reflection, that although the monarch of one of the smallest states, no head of the greatest empire has reared so proud a trophy. As yet the number of statues, and the relics of ancient sculpture, brought into the Glypthothek, are insufficient to fill its halls; but the attention of the king is constantly directed towards the accumulation of objects that may be worthy of being received into so beautiful a temple; and there is little doubt that ere long the contents of the Glypthothek will be scarcely less worthy of admiration than the building itself."

This is in Bavaria—a kingdom of some three million and a half of souls; not enriched by commerce, and of small revenue. But the mere visits of travellers to the capital, to examine these beautiful buildings, and their treasures in art, will far more than repay the royal expenditure. The Glypthothek is not an architect's fanciful job, but a real ornament to the city.—The different objects of veneration and study have their different and appropriate temples; and are not put into common lodgings together, like all sorts of travellers at an inn.

CRIMINAL INSTITUTIONS.

Neither do we find the economical and useful neglected for the refined and splendid.

"I was (says Mr. Inglis) greatly pleased by a visit to the prison of Munich. The principle of this excellently regulated establishment is, that every one in it gains his own bread. Every prisoner is obliged to work at his own trade; so that there is no kind of handicraft that is not going on within the prison walls. It is like a general manufactory—carpenters, blacksmiths, saddlers, tailors, shoemakers, dyers, all are seen plying their trades; but no one is forced to work beyond what is necessary for his sustenance. Whatever he gains by his labour more than suffices to maintain him is kept until the term of his imprisonment expires, and is then given to him—deducting a quota for the expenses of the establishment. There is a separate workshop allotted to each trade; the prisoners work in company, and are permitted to converse upon allowed topics—overseers being of course present.—Shortly before I visited the prison, a man whose term of punishment had expired received no less than 800 florins (about £83 sterling) upon leaving the prison. Criminals who are admitted at so early an age as not to have yet learnt a trade, are permitted to make choice of one, which is taught to them. Women (who are rigorously separated from the male prisoners) follow their trades also: we see embroidery, stocking-weaving, straw hat-making and plaiting, and all the other kinds of labour in which women are engaged. Women who have been servants before, are servants still: cooks are cooks—housemaids, housemaids. In fact, the interior service of the prison is performed by the criminals; and all their wants are supplied by themselves or their neighbours. I tasted the soup and meat in the kitchen, and the bread in the bake-house, and found both excellent. The proceeds of the sale of articles made in the prison (i. e. the surplus remaining after the expenses of the establishment have been paid, and the prisoners maintained,) to be kept for the benefit of the prisoners themselves, generally amounts to nearly 50,000 florins (upwards of £6,000) per annum—a sum which, properly applied, as it it doubtless is, cannot fail to produce most important results upon the future lives of the prisoners for whose benefit it is intended. I saw some prisoners confined for life, for crimes which in England would have sent them to the gallows: these are tasked to a certain quantity of work, and maintain themselves and benefit the state at the same time. No one has been executed at Munich since the year 1821. By a singularly humane enactment, prisoners for life are allowed some indulgences that are denied to those whose punishment is for a limited term: it is thought, for example, a fair and proper aggravation of punishment, that the use of tobacco should be prohibited to those who may hope, by good conduct and industry, to be restored after a time to the world, with the means of subsistence, and even of rational enjoyment; but this is considered an unnecessary cruelty towards a man whose punishment terminates only with his life. The utmost cleanliness and simplicity pervades every department of this excellent establishment; a proper discipline and just restraint are united to these arrangements that insure the health and improvement of the prisoners, and the building itself is one of the most complete that I have ever seen set apart for the correction of criminals. There is one singular part of the establishment—a phalanx of very large and fierce dogs, which, during the night, are turned loose into the open space that surrounds the prison, and are a sufficient security against escape. When I visited the prison, there were 666 persons confined, 140 of whom were women. A detail like the above may well lead to important reflection. The adaption of punishment to crime, as well as the true end of punishment, have always been deep and important problems in legislation; and it is certainly the duty of the legislature to collect from every source information that may direct them right in this matter. The system pursued in the prison of Munich appears to unite all the advantages that ought to be aimed at in legislating upon crime and punishment; the state is not burdened with the expense of transporting prisoners to distant colonies, nor of maintaining them at home; nor is the criminal turned out of the prison without a stiver in his pocket, left to the mercy of a hard-judging world. The two great objects ought unquestionably to be, correction of the criminal's habits while under punishment—and some security that, when punishment ends, these corrected habits may continue. It is well understood now, though not acted upon, that the punishment of crime does not deter others from the commission of it; and that, therefore, the two objects above stated are the only wise and legitimate objects of punishment. Solitary imprisonment—which finds many advocates—may effect the first; but cannot effect the second of these objects: nor does it even always certainly effect the first object—that of correction. It may or it may not: some minds may be tamed and tutored by it,—and the awfulness of solitude, and the weary, but only resource of reflection, must no doubt often produce an advantageous result; but minds of a different complexion may be hardened by solitude: impatience of its loneliness may produce a bitterness and doggedness of feeling: and reflection, in place of leading to wholesome meditation, may run in a wrong channel. But, at all events, whatever may be the effects of this punishment in correcting the habits, or rather in improving the mind of the prisoner, its benefit ceases with its term; and it is impossible to conceive a case of greater cruelty, than that of a criminal, who, after being trained by a long course of punishment, for habits of honesty and industry, is then thrown loose upon the world, with no temptation to the one, or call upon the other. I cannot, for my own part, conceive any system so perfectly adapted for the correction of idle and profligate courses, as daily employment in the trade to which a felon has been accustomed, in his innocent days,—with a knowledge that his industry is not only procuring him his daily bread, but that it is forming for him a little stock, by which, when his confinement is over, he may carry with him a claim to the consideration of others,—which is the surest foundation of self-respect; it seems a return to honest days: he is again a tradesman, living by his labour, and laying by the surplus from his necessities; nor am I sure that the society and conversation of others, actuated like himself, by similar feelings, and with similar hopes, under the surveillance of proper persons, is any bar to an improvement in his feelings. Few men are bettered by continued solitude—however advantageous occasional retirement may be; and if something be subtracted from the severity of punishment, by permitting under proper restraints an intercourse among the prisoners, it is amply compensated by other advantages. It would be impossible, indeed, to combine solitary imprisonment with the system pursued in the prison of Munich—because it would be impossible to have a separate forge for every blacksmith, who indeed cannot work alone—or a separate workshop for every saddler or carpenter. The Munich system appears in fact to come as near perfection as any human institution can. To be faultless, is a vain hope; to err as little as possible, is all that can be reasonably desired. Whether as respects the state, the offender, or society, it seems to accomplish all that legislation can hope for. The demands of public justice are satisfied without any expense to the revenue; but on the contrary with an advantage. The constant labour of six or eight hundred persons increases the product of national industry, and therefore enriches the state—which is also a gainer in another way. Many of the army accoutrements—saddles, caps, knapsacks, and belts, shoes, horse-shoes, and clothing, are produced from prison labour: and although the prisoners be paid for their labour, there is no injustice in paying for it at a somewhat lower rate than it could be obtained for in the free market. Prison maintenance, in which no kind of strong drink forms any part, costs but an inconsiderable sum, so that the surplus is always sufficient to form a respectable fund at the conclusion of the punishment. Then, if we pass from the state, which is benefited, to the offender, we find a result still more important: industrious habits are recovered, or formed; the desire af acquisition is addressed, and the hope of respectability engendered. There are but few men rogues from choice; idleness and poverty—twin-sisters, are the fruitful mothers of crime; and after the offender has thus expiated his crime, and in expiating it, improved his own habits and character, he is placed

in the world with a desire for gaining his bread in an honest way, and with the means of subsistence until he finds employment, or travels to that part of the kingdom where he may expect to meet friends. It is true that in some cases the freed offender may squander his money, and recur to his old practices; but it is more likely that he will not; and that the possession of a sum of money greater perhaps than he ever had before, will produce its usual effect—a desire of adding to it. Upon a matter of this kind nothing can be so satisfactory as facts. I took some pains to ascertain the result, as far as those in the management of the prison could inform me; and I learnt that in but few cases offenders were committed a second time—and that those who had been dismissed with the largest sums had in no instance returned. Many of the young who had been taught trades in the prison were respectable handicraftsmen and tradesmen, and crime was yearly on the decrease. As for the results of the system on society, these appear to be equally favourable to society as to the state, and upon the criminal himself. Little more argument is needed in proof of this, than that crime diminishes under the system; and it cannot surely require any proof in favour of so clear a position, as that society is less likely to be injured by the return of some thousands of felons, with improved habits, and money in their pockets, than by an equal number of penniless vagabonds let loose upon it. With respect to the delusion of severe punishment deterring from crime, it is perfectly well known that the contrary is the fact—that whenever the enactment of law ceases to be in accordance with men's opinions, they become worse than useless—that sympathy with the criminal, and not respect for the law, is engendered—and that evil thoughts are born in the very sight of exemplary punishment. Thieves, forgers, and incendiaries, have sprung into existence in front of a gallows, and a man hanging in chains on a moonlight heath has begotten a murderer. * * * *

Munich (he continues) is rich in those establishments which profess to relieve or ameliorate men's physical condition. There is an institution for the reception of the poor, which are of two classes—those who are unable to work, and those who are unable to procure it. The first class are received without any other recommendation than helplessness and indigence, and are clothed, lodged and fed. The second class are furnished with employment suitable to their capacity. There, as in the prison, every trade is carried on; and in consideration of their labour, the poor are provided for, so long as they choose to remain upon the establishment. The number belonging to the second class while I was in Munich, amounted to 1487. This institution is supported, partly by royal donation, and partly by private benevolence. The general hospital is another noble institution. The building, in the construction of which every modern improvement has been introduced, is capable of containing from 700 to 800 sick persons. These are divided into three classes; those who are received gratuitously,—which of course includes by far the greater number; those who pay an annual subscription of four florins (nearly 11s.) for the privilege of the hospital at all times when required, and those strangers, or persons in a superior rank of life, who wish to be no inconvenience or burden to friends, and who by paying thirty kreutzer per day, are received into the common ward,—or by paying about 3s. sterling per day, are accommodated with a private chamber, and attendant, nourishment, medical advice and remedies,—and with all in short, that the most skilful physicians may consider necessary towards the cure of a disease. This is certainly a splendid and humane institution. A noble garden is attached to it—whose fine walks, pleasant shades, flowers, and freshness, are well suited to assist in the re-establishment of health."

THE CONSTELLATION.

NEW YORK, JUNE 8, 1833.

MERCANTILE DRUMMING.

That mode of getting custom, employed by certain merchants, and commonly known by the name of Drumming has been very rife the present season. Sundry new houses had opened, whose business it was to get custom by hook or by crook. It would not do to sit with folded hands and see all the trade going to the old establishments. The new firms must bestir themselves, and draw off the business from the old ones if possible. It would not do to be too modest neither. A little impudence, well employed, will sometimes do wonders in the way of making money. To ask a man to buy of you, instead of your neighbours, is but asking him in other words to benefit himself—inasmuch as you will sell cheaper, of course, and give him better bargains than your neighbors. At least, it is your interest to make him believe so; for as to telling the precise truth, that would not by any means serve your turn.

Among all the drummers, who have distinguished themselves in this Commercial Emporium the present season, none perhaps have made themselves more notorious than the firm of THUMGUDGEON, PUMPHANDLE, & Co. The first named gentleman is the chief drummer to the establishment. He hires his board at a Hotel where country merchants "most do congregate;" and like a certain ancient personage, who at present shall be nameless, is constantly on the look-out "seeking whom he may devour." If he espies a gentleman, the brim of whose hat is of somewhat broader dimensions than the well-known dandy style, and whose unmentionables are not the biggest at the little end—he forthwith takes it into his head, that the gentleman is a countryman; that he is in all probability a merchant; that he has come to purchase goods; and that ten to one he can bamboozle him. At all events he will try; and it shall not be his fault if he does not succeed.

But every countryfied looking man is not so easily bamboozled as Messrs. Thumgudgeon, Pumphandle, & Co., and others of their class, are apt to imagine. A man is not necessarily a Johnny Raw, because he makes a rustic appearance; as many a drummer has no doubt found out to his cost.

It was but the other day that Mr. Thumgudgeon found himself prodigiously mistaken in a gentleman of this sort. Judging from the cut of his clothes that he was a man for his money, he accosted him, as is usual in such cases, with some preliminary observations about the weather, and then proceeded to the main point.

"Very fine morning," said he, bowing and smiling.

"Why, yes sir," said the man, with a strong Yankee accent, "I dare say 'tis so, for I've heerd ever so many people say the same thing since I got up."

"From the country I presume?"

"Yes sir, I come from up country—where did you come from, if I may be so bold?"

"I?—Oh—I—for that matter I live here."

"Oh, you do, ha? You live in this 'ere great city, do you?"

"Precisely so, sir. I am engaged in the dry goods line. My name is Thumgudgeon, of the firm of Thumgudgeon, Pumphandle, & Co."

"Well, you're a darned queer soundin set, any how. Pumpgudgeon, Thumphandle, & Co.! That beats me, by hoky. I thought we had some mighty odd names in Varmount, in the town of Linkumstipple, where I came from; but, by gorree! they're nothin to compare with your'n."

"Oh, as to that," said the merchant, a little mortified, "it's of very little consequence what a man is called, so that—"

"He isn't called too late to dinner," interrupted the Yankee—"that's jest what I tell my wife. Says I, Mrs. Flipper—my name, sir, is Flipper, of Linkumstipple—says I, Mrs. Flipper, call me what you please, but don't call me too late to dinner."

"Mr. Flipper," said the merchant, bowing, smiling, and giving his hand to the countryman, "I shall be happy in your further acquaintance. But as I was saying about a name, 'a rose by any other name would smell as sweet,' as the divine Miss Kemble says."

"Miss Kimball! did she say that?—I understand she's a stripper, that Miss Kimball."

"She's a heavenly creature, faith. But havn't you seen her yet?"

"I! no, Mr. Pumpgudgeon, I very seldom go to the play-house. I can't afford it."

"Oh, as to that, sir, it shall cost you nothing—if you will do me the favor to accept a ticket—"

"I'm much obliged to you, Mister Gumpthudgeon—so small a favor as that I can't refuse no how in politeness."

"I suppose you're engaged in trade in your town?"

"Yes sir, I live by trade, and have done ten years or more?"

"You're down here now I presume to make your purchases?"

"Yes sir, I've got a little grain of cash in this 'ere old pocket-book"—taking out and displaying a greasy bit of old leather apparently pretty well filled—"which has come down to me from my gramther, and which has contained many a good bank bill. I've got a little trifle of cash here, which I want to lay out to the best advantage."

"Of course," said the merchant, his eyes eagerly devouring the old money-case, "and I'm the very man to give you good bargains. I—that is our house—don't shave like some of our neighbors. Our principle is to—"

"Look out for your interest—I dare say 'tis so, Mister Pumphandle Gudgeon. That's the very principle I go upon. I like to buy cheap and sell dear—I do."

"Exactly so, Mr. Flipper—you're the very man we shall like to deal with. We'll sell you goods twenty per cent cheaper than any other house in Pearl-Street."

"Will you, by hokey? I'm amazin glad I happened to light on you."

"I hope we shall be mutually satisfied. You'll want some dry goods of course?"

"Why, yes sir, I mostly deal in the dry way."

"I hope you'll do us the favor to call at our store, No. — Pearl-Street. You'll stay some days in the city, I dare say?"

"Yes sir, it'll take me some days to get through with my business."

"Do you attend the races?"

"No, I can't no how afford it—I've got a wife and 'leven children to support."

"Oh, it shan't cost you a cent. I'm going over, and shall be very happy to bear all the expense."

"I'm much obliged to you, Mr. Flumgudgeon—as I said afore, it wouldn't be polite to refuse so small a favor."

"Confound the fellow!" said the merchant, aside, "if he wasn't a great flat, I should think he intended to insult me by talking about small favors. But small as they are, if I can only get a bill of goods on to him, I'll make up for all—by heavens, I'll shave him."

"Ahem! sir, if there's any other pleasure I can treat you to—such as the Museums, Saubert's exhibition, Tam O'Shanter, or any thing of that kind, I shall be very happy—"

"Oh, sir, I'm much obliged to you—You're very polite, Mr. Gumplethudgeon—I couldn't no how in reason, as a body may say, refuse sich small favors."

In short, not to make our story tedious, the wooden-headed Yankee, as he appeared to the very knowing and shrewd Mr. Thumgudgeon, accepted all the invitations of the latter, whether to attend the various amusements, drink wine, eat oysters, or what not. After getting him thus well baited, as he thought, the merchant resolved to make a lunge upon him. Having one day treated him to two or three bottles of champagne, which the Yankee declared to be tarnation good cider, he took him to his store—laughing at the same time in his sleeve to think how well he was going to get paid for the twenty or thirty dollars he had laid out in pleasures and amusements for the countryman.

The latter, appearing to be tolerably drunk, began to gaze about the store as if to feast his eyes with the variety of goods around him; while Mr. Thumgudgeon, tipping the wink to his partners, asked him if he had a memorandum of the articles he wanted?

"Why, no, I han't got nothin on paper," said the countryman—"I've jest merely set 'em down in my head. But what kind of hides are your'n? Do they come from Buenos Ayres, or—"

"Hides!" exclaimed the merchant—and "Hides!" echoed his partners, with astonishment. "We thought you were in pursuit of dry—"

"Sartinly—I'm a tanner by trade, and *dry hides* is the very thing I want—if you have any sich that you can put me at a good lay, I'd as lieves deal with you as any other gentlemen whatsomever, seein you've been so polite as to confer various small favors upon me."

"D—n the favors!" muttered Thumgudgeon—who finding, that in his attempt to bite the countryman, he had bitten himself—"You are welcome to the favors, if you'll go and say nothing about it."

"I couldn't possibly think of such a thing," said the other, who all at once seemed to have got rid of the effects of the champagne—"it's too good a story to keep. A New York merchant undertake to get round a Yankee tanner! Ha, ha, ha! I shall never forget the small favors as long as I live."

FALSE MODESTY.

"I am very glad," said a lady to Dr. Johnson, soon after he published his great work, "that you have excluded all improper words from your dictionary." "I hope I have, madam," replied the severe moralist, "but I perceive *you have been looking for them.*" Dr. Johnson was undoubtedly right, for had not the chaste lady been looking for the naughty words, she could not have known that they were wanting.

One of the most prevalent vices of our country, in latter years, is false modesty. It displays itself in a thousand different ways. It appeared last year among the generally liberal minded, sensible, and well informed people of Boston, when they insisted that those innocent pieces of marble, the Chanting Cherubs, should wear petticoats—poor little babes!—lest they should shock the sight of the pure dames of that ancient city—or rather, as we suspect, the old women in pantaloons—for it is generally, if we mistake not, a few ignorant weak-minded men, who have some influence in society, that thus undertake to regulate the taste and the morals in relation to works of literature and art. These persons, who, for the most part, have little purity of life to boast of, assume to be the guardians of female purity, and to regulate the public mind in regard to matters of taste; and if they prevail, are very sure to turn taste itself out of doors.

This false modesty has lately shown itself in a hyperitical—or perhaps we should rather say, a hypocritical—article, in one of our periodicals, respecting the paintings of Adam and Eve, lately exhibited in this city. The writer has discovered that those beautiful and chaste pieces of art have a vicious and demoralizing tendency; that, because they are painted in a state of nature, they are indecent; and that they have a tendency to excite licentious ideas and voluptuous feelings. Bah! what tinder must this man's mind be mind of, that it is so easily set on fire! What must be his conceptions of a work of art, that he is so ready to pervert the design of the artist? He who cannot view these things as mere works of art, unmoved by any prurience of imagination, does well to avoid the sight of them; but he does not well, to endeavour to excite that prurience in others, by especially calling the subject to their minds. He is merely striving to direct their attention to the "knowledge of evil."

"I am afraid," said a conscientious old lady, "to eat as much puddin as I want, for fear it's a sin"—and she prudently left off before she had entirely satisfied her appetite. Those, who cannot view such specimens of art as Adam and Eve without being led to improper ideas, had better not indulge their eyes at all.

Another exhibition of false modesty is shown in the proposal of Dr. Webster, to publish a new version of the Bible—one principal object whereof, as announced in the advertisement, is, the substitution of "euphemisms for such indelicate words and phrases, as are most offensive, and which cannot be uttered without pain both to the reader and hearer." It is not the ideas that are to be changed or improved, but merely the expression. The present language is too simple for the polite and delicate ones of the present day. It is quite shocking to their modesty. The ideas of the inspired volume are too naked—they must be clothed in euphemisms—and being so clothed, may be sent into the world again without doing any harm. "Fudge!" as Burchell says, in the Vicar of Wakefield.

How did our mothers, and grandmothers, and greatgrandmothers—and indeed all the good and pious people up to the days of James the First—get along with these same "indelicate words and phrases" in the Holy Scriptures, which are now to be superceded by the euphemisms of Dr. Webster? Were they less virtuous or less pure in word, thought, and deed, than certain squeamish dames and old women in pantaloons, of the present day, and in this most perfect country of ours? They read the Bible daily, and many a good woman was in the habit of reading it through once a year as long as she lived. Did they get corrupted for want of the euphemisms? Their lives are the best answer. Were they shocked at having the truth in plain language? Not at all. They were accustomed to call things by their right names. They had no bad thoughts, and therefore needed no euphemisms to clothe them withal.

We are surprised that a man, of Dr. Webster's learning and general good sense, should have undertaken so foolish a thing as the one proposed. It is not only foolish, but hopeless of success—for however much of false modesty there may be, the people of America are by no means ready to sanction such an inroad upon the beautiful simplicity of the present version of the Bible. But this point was, a few days since, ably and spiritedly treated in the Courier and Enquirer, and to that article we would refer our readers.

Though we have spoken of false modesty as prevalent in our country, we would not be understood as expressing an idea that it is on the increase. On the contrary, we are gratified to perceive that it is rather on the decline. Persons of sense, learning, and good taste, are decidedly against it. Even Mrs. Trollope, with all her nonsense, has lent it a sound box on the ear. The public is beginning to view it as a false painted thing, and no better than it should be. In short, it is finding, every year, less and less entertainment; and we hope will soon be driven from the abodes of men.

THE LANDLORD AND HIS GUEST.

From the forthcoming "LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF DR. DODIMUS DUCKWORTH, A.N.Q.

As soon as Duckworth rode up to the door, the accommodating publican, being at the receipt of custom, was ready to welcome him and his steed to the best comforts the house and stable afforded—always, however, with the expectation of being well paid. He moved towards him with a smiling countenance, and a sort of patronizing air; as much as to say, I am landlord of the Punch Bowl, and shall be most happy to entertain you.

"Ahem!" said Dody, springing from his saddle, "put up my hoss, and give him plenty of hay, besides half a peck of oats."

"Yes sir, yes sir," said the landlord with great volubility; "walk in, sir—walk in. Here, Jo, take this horse to the stable, and see he's taken good care of." Then following his guest into the house, and seeing his new sky-colored suit; he made an extra portion of bows; put on three smiles, where he commonly put on but two; and invited him twenty times in a breath to take a seat and make himself comfortable.

"Ahem!" said Dody again, "make me half a mug of toddy, and then get me some supper."

"Yes sir—yes sir; it shall be done, sir." The

saying, the landlord unlocked the bar, and made the toddy, with the despatch of one who knows how. But when it was pesented, the young traveller, after eyeing it critically, told him to take it back, and put in——

"Yes, sir—yes, sir," interrupted the publican; "what'll you have?"

"Some of that are dust there—what do you call it?"

"Nutmeg, sir? Very sorry to say, I'm out, sir—very sorry indeed, sir."

"What! no nutmeg in the house? I can't drink toddy without nutmeg."

"Stay—stay a minute. I'll look round the bar—perhaps I can find a piece."

Landlord Lovejoy was not a man to incommode his guests on slight grounds; and therefore looking into every hole and corner of the bar, he at length found a bit of an old cork; and exclaimed, as he began dexterously to grate it into the toddy, "I've found some, sir—I've found some. I thought at first I was entirely out—but I shall be able to accommodate you. There, sir, how do you like that?" handing Dody the liquor, which was dusted over most profusely.

"Ahem!" exclaimed the youth, after taking a swallow; "this tastes something like." Then mending his draught, he invited the man who had shown him the way thither, to drink with him—which invitation was accepted without any sort of demur; and the cup was soon finished.

In the meantime the landlord went to order supper. As soon as he returned, Dody stepped up to him and began—

"May be, Land'ord Lovejoy, you never heerd of such a fellow as Dodimus Duckworth?"

"Can't say as I ever did," returned the publican.

"But you will one of these days, I guess, if not afore. My name is Dodimus Duckworth, sir."

"Ah, Mr. Duckworth, how do you do, how do you do, sir? I hope for your better acquaintance."

"I hope for yourn too, land'ord, because I'm going to be a doctor."

"A doctor! well, now, I might have known that by your looks"—making a profound bow.

At this last observation of his obsequious host, the young man swelled himself so as very nearly to fill his new clothes, and replied—"I thank you, land'ord, for your accomplishment. You really think, then, that I look tollably doctorfied, do you?"

"Upon my word, Mr. Duckworth—I would say, Doctor Duckworth, that is to be"—bowing and smiling—"I never saw a young man of so remarkable an appearance in my life before; and I've seen legions of people in my day. I can tell a gentleman from a common man, the moment I see him, by the cut of his clothes."

"Do you think these set well?"

"Set!" exclaimed the landlord, lifting up both hands in apparent admiration; "why, sir, they set so delicately that they don't touch any where. They fairly hang about you like the loaves and greases about Venice, the wife of Mars, the god of thunder."

"I don't know any thing about that, I'm sure," returned the youth, highly gratified with the landlord's stuffing. "But 'twas mother's notion having my clothes made in this 'ere way, so that I might have room to grow as she said. At first I was tarnal mad at Mima Flash, the new fashioned tailor in Covinbury, for making 'em so large; and I was as good a mind as ever I was to eat, not to wear 'em at all. But I dare say you must be a judge of what's what; and since you pay 'em so high an accomplishment, I begin to think darned well on 'em myself."

"And you've reason to; what a gloss they have! I dare say they were never sponged."

"Sponged! no, I wouldn't have 'em wet for nothing in the world. 'Twould take all the beauty off."

This opinion of young Duckworth's was not peculiar to him. Others had the same dread of water coming in contact with fulled cloth; and like him would have considered it ruined, if once thoroughly wet.

Rosine Laval—*a novel, by Mr. Smith.*—This is the title of a volume, of some 300 pages, just published by Carey, Lea & Blanchard, of Philadelphia. Mr. Smith, the author, is a very indefinite gentleman, and his name signifies nothing more than—Mr. Somebody. As to the work, which is printed in very handsome style, we have had time to read little more than the dedication, which is addressed to Miss Fanny Kemble, beginning with—"Fairest Lady—inimitable Actress—sweetest Poetess!" and ending by an offer to take the dedication fee in a kiss of her "lily-white hand." He had shown better *taste*, if he had asked it of her lips.

THE DRAMA.

Park.—The comedy of the "School for Scandal" was performed at this theatre on Tuesday evening, when Mr. Kemble personated *Charles Surface*, and Miss Kemble, *Lady Teazle*. There is so much sterling merit in this production, that it cannot fail of pleasing when in the hands of good performers.

Mr. Kemble looked and played the character of Charles with his accustomed ease—but Lady Teazle was not the Lady we remember to have seen lang syne. We think Miss K. must have been indisposed; her acting was tame throughout, and she spoke as if labouring under a severe head-ache.

When we remembered the variety of characters Placide assumes, we could not but admire his *Sir Peter*, and forget that he sometimes lost a part of that refinement in manners which is necessary to be observed throughout the piece. The whole was acted with much spirit, and elicited great applause from a full audience.

We would recommend *Sir Toby Bumper* to study Hamlet's advice to the players—and to say no more than what is set down for him. Embellishments in elocution, as in music, generally spoil the effect and destroy the author's meaning, reducing sense to nonsense.

DOGBERRY'S NOTE BOOK.

An Irish Woman's Pride.—Bridget Davidson, a decently-attired young Irish woman, the wife of a coal whipper, was charged, at the Thames Office, under the Wilful Damage Act, with breaking six panes of glass in the house of her countrywoman, Mary M'Kelly, Cow-lane, Shadwell.

The complainant, who was also attired in her best garments, and made a fine display of ribands, stepped forward to give evidence, when Captain Richbell advised her to be quiet. If she gave evidence of the injury under the Wilful Damage Act, she would get no remuneration, and the penalty would go to the King; but if any other person proved that the glass was broken, the fine would go to the complainant.

Mrs. M'Kelly held her peace, and Betsy Donovan her servant was sworn, and said her employer kept a sailor's boarding house, and Monday evening last the prisoner called there, and, without saying the why or the wherefore, covered her hand with her pocket, and dashed her fist through *six windeys*. She was about to smash a seventh when her career was stopped.

Captain Richbell inquired what was the amount of the damage. A glazier named Mahoney said he would do the job for six shillings. The prisoner admitted she broke the glass, and she was sorry she had not broken a good many more, for Mrs. M'Kelly *had hurt her pride*.

Captain Richbell—How could she do that?

Prisoner—I'll pay three pounds' worth if you'll let me break them; only let me be revenged on the woman who hurt my pride. She took my child, between four and five years old, to the fair, and I could have done it myself. Who would be beholden to her?

Captain Richbell—She has done your child an act of kindness.

"Kindness!" exclaimed the prisoner with the air of a tragedy heroine; "kindness, indeed! I'll never let any one do me an act of kindness; I scorn it; I'm above it."

Complainant—She is as proud as Lucifer, your honours Worship. Captain Richbell said this was an odd affair to quarrel about. It was a curious sort of pride. He ordered the prisoner to pay 6s. for the window glass and 3s. for the warrant to Mrs. M'Kelly. The prisoner paid the money, and said she was not revenged yet. She would learn Mrs. M'Kelly to hurt her pride.

Fifty-two.—This is a very remarkable number, didst ever notice it? The five books of Moses were written fourteen hundred and *fifty-two* years before the commencement of the present mode of computing time. The building of Rome was commenced seven hundred and *fifty-two* years before the same event! Julius Cæsar made the first inroad into Great Britain *fifty-two* years B. C. and the King of Britain was carried in chains to Rome A. D. *fifty-two*. Constantinople was taken by the Turks A. D. fourteen hundred and *fifty-two*, and the "New Style" was introduced into England in seventeen hundred and *fifty-two*.—The highest Egyptian pyramid is four hundred and *fifty-two* feet in height.

We might cite *fifty-two* other instances of the wonders of this magic number, but will end by observing that there are just *fifty-two* weeks in a year; that the Compend is *fifty-two* weeks old, and has therefore reached the last number of volume one; that we are *fifty-two* times better satisfied with our success than we dreamed of being *fifty-two* weeks ago, shall be one hundred and four times as well pleased when the fruit of our fifty weeks labor is under our thumb.—*Lowell Compend.*

Gold Digging.—A few days since, three young men, on the South side of the Island of Martha's Vineyard, were engaged in laboring in a field which was once an orchard—two of them ploughing, and the other picking up stone at a distance. As the plough passed over a certain part of the land, the ploughshare started up two or three pieces of silver coin, which were hastily snatched up by the holder, and put in his pocket. His companion observed him stoop and pick up something, and when the plough went over the spot again, seeing him repeat the movement, he desired to change situations with him. This was done, and he too reaped his crop; when each finding that the other was master of the secret, they proposed a manœuvre to get rid of the third person so that they could divide the spoil without his coming in for a share. They therefore declared it best to leave off work that forenoon, it was nearly twelve o'clock, which was readily acquiesced in. What they obtained, no one can exactly state—but it is believed that not far from two or three thousand dollars, which had been originally buried in a bag (ascertained by pieces of cloth adhering to some of the coin) were excavated. This must be divided between the two; leaving the man in the field with them (who was no less a personage than Mr. J. A. Jones, well known as the author of Haverhill,) to attest the truth of the old adage,

"He who by the plough would thrive,
Must either hold himself or drive."

New-Bedford Gaz.

Mutton Mill.—The Boston Transcript lately published a brief and imperfect account of a *mutton mill*, which is in successful operation in one of the upper counties in the state of New-York. As some of our readers may wish to have a more particular description of this wonderful effort of human genius, we rejoice that circumstances have put it in our power to give an authentic account of the *work* performed at the said mill, though the mechanical *principles* which are involved in its construction, yet remains a secret.

A gentleman travelling in that section of the country overtook a farmer, dragging a lean, wretched looking ram along the road—"Where are you going with that miserable animal," said the traveller.

"I am taking him to the Mutton Mill, to have him ground over," said the farmer.

"The *Mutton Mill*? I never heard of such a thing—I will go with you, and witness the process."

They arrived at the Mill—The sheep was thrown alive in the hopper, and almost immediately disappeared—they then descended to a lower apartment, and in a few moments, there were ejected from a spout in the ceiling, four quarters of excellent beef—two sides of green morocco leather—a fur hat of the first quality—a calves head, handsomely dressed—and two elegantly carved powder horns!—*Lowell Jour.*

Presence of Mind.—A physician of this city one day last week, visited a patient near the navy yard, using for a conveyance the horse and gig of a brother practitioner. Having completed the business of the call, he hastily sprung into the gig, but before he had got command of the horse, the animal put himself into a quick step for home, making his way along the street in a gait most unprofessional. The Doctor uttered in vain all those cabalistic terms of whoa, kindly, &c. but the spirits that were up with the animal were not to be easily laid, when it became a matter of consideration with the rider whether he should compound a broken neck for a broken limb. The wheels were continually making awful approximation at one side or the other to posts or other impediments, coming in contact with which would have finished the matter with him. The only hope lay in discovering some situation where both wheels would strike at one time, and thus prevent an upset at full speed. At length a stone post showed itself on one side and a loaded wagon on the other. The horse was anxious to avoid this defile, but a skilful use of the reins brought him happily between the two in contact with both. The gig was shattered to atoms, but the rider escaped with only a few inconsiderable bruises, having pitched forward upon the horse.

Flowery Compliments.—The other day, a contemporary gave an anecdote of the introduction which took place between Daniel Webster and Judge Buel. It is a pity that the whole conversation was not given, as the wit of mine Host proved on this, as on other occasions, very catching.

It is true that on presenting Mr. Webster to Judge Buel, Mr. Cruttenden said, "This is Judge Buel, who cultivates the finest *flowers* of the *field*; and this the Hon. Daniel Webster, who *culls* the choicest *flowers* of *rhetoric*."

Mr. Webster then happily observed, "your *flowers* produce *fruit*, mine, I fear, may prove abortive!"—To this Judge Buel, with equal felicity, replied:

"My *flowers*, Sir, are *annual* and *evanescent*, while your's promise a *perpetual bloom*."—*Alb. D. Advertiser.*

Personal Regard.—'I wish,' said the slight and elegant Mrs. —— to her friend Mrs. ——, whose *en-bon-point* is so strikingly handsome, 'I wish I had some of your fat, and you had some of my lean!' 'I'll tell you,' replied the fair wit, 'what is the father to that wish. You think *too much* of me—*too little* of yourself.'

Law—*Infancy.*—A person recently was brought to trial in this city for an amount of $154,59 for goods bought by him to supply his own business as a grocer; and plead "infancy" as a bar to recovery!

The Judge charged the jury—"that it was a *fraud* for a person who had the appearance of an adult to commence business and then set up *infancy* in payment of his debt; yet so was the law if he was an *infant*. The proof being conclusive as to the fact of *infancy*, notwithstanding his *large whiskers*, the jury found a verdict for the defendant."

INFLUENCE OF THE MENTAL AFFECTIONS.

"These may be resolved into the passions which depress, and the passions which excite; and no part of this duty is more worthy the solicitude of a physician, in prescribing medicines, than the degree of dominion which these affections may possess upon the mind of his patient. He should remember that vexation considerably disturbs the functions of the stomach; that it interferes materially with the secretion of the juice peculiar to this organ, and may establish permanently what is called dyspesia. Sorrow by the final consequences of its immediate action on the circulation and nervous system, will induce organic diseases. But the emotions produced by *fear*, and its extreme degree, *terror* have been the subject of observation almost in all ages. Philip the Fifth of Spain expired at the shock which the news of the disasters of his army gave him. Borralli describes the case of a Frenchman, who, on some charge or another was cast into prison. He was excessively frightened, and, in the course of the night after he was incarcerated, the hair of his head turned perfectly grey. Doctor Thomson had an opportunity of witnessing the circumstances of the following very impressive illustration of the effect of the mind over the body: "An officer in the army, a man of great personal bravery and a distinguished soldier, consulted me for the relief of a complaint which had hitherto baffled all the efforts of medicine, *pulmonary consumption*, in the last stage of which he was suffering. His love of the military profession, and that delusive hope of recovery which always accompanies this disease, led him to object strongly to the sale of his commission, although it was by such a measure alone he could hope to leave his wife and his daughter, an only child, above the reach of poverty. His wife, who knew his situation, and the necessity for his disposing of his commission, was, nevertheless, so much swayed by her affection that she would not join in the persuasion of his friends and myself to take the necessary steps for obtaining the consent of the War-office to effect the sale; and, therefore, it was not until he began to feel the truth of his situation that our wishes were acceded to. At length a petition from the Commander-in-chief was drawn up; and a will, in favour of his wife and child, having been made at the same time, I was requested to be a witness to his signature of both instruments. I saw the deed executed, and left him seated in bed, apparently more comfortable than he had previously been for weeks; but I had not left the house many seconds when I was recalled by the servant; and, on returning, found my patient dead. His wife was standing by the bed side, erect, but motionless. I spoke to her; she heard me not; there was no volition; her eyes were open, but they were staring upon vacuity; there was no symptom of respiration, no rising of the chest, no dilation of the nostrils; she was warm, but the pulse was not perceptible: in short, she was in that state which is termed *ecstasis*; as inanimate as a statue; and, although living, as stiff and as rigid as a corpse. She continued in this condition forty-eight hours; then recovered her power of volition and of speech; but she was not restored to her usual health for many months; and, during this time her brain was seriously affected. Here, the torpidity of the body was the result of the sudden transition from satisfaction to extreme grief; the mental cause operating upon the nerves nearly in the same manner, but in a more extended degree, as the irritation of a wound when it produces tetanus." The death of the celebrated John Hunter was caused by overwhelming passion, and may, therefore be set down as a striking example of the power of the mind over the body. He and Dr. Pearson were disputing about some medical point at St. George's Hospital. Hunter became warm, and retired to an adjoining room; Pearson followed him. "You have followed me on purpose," exclaimed Hunter, "to be the death of me; you have murdered me!" and at that moment he fell back dead! In one of the volumes of the life of Byron, now in the course of publication, we find it stated, that his Lordship's mother died from an ague, brought on by reading her upholsterer's bills. But the strangest fact of all this, that sudden joy is one of the most fatal disturbers possible of the human mind. Zimmerman, in his treatise on general and particular experience in the art of healing, mentions the case of a Dutch lady who fell a victim to joy. The family were respectable, but met with reverses, and were reduced to indigence. Whilst in this condition the eldest son, who had been some years absent, returned home with a considerable fortune, and being desirous of communicating so pleasant a piece of news to his sister in a practical manner, he presented her with one of the richest jewels. She instantly fell down as if struck by lightning, and expired. The history of ancient Greece contains narratives of similar effects being produced by sudden joy. A remarkable statement connected with this subject is found in the works of one of the most learned men that ever adorned the profession of medicine, we mean Dr. Mead, who positively declares, from his own experience, that, during the South Sea Bubble, many more persons went mad on account of sudden prosperity than from downright ruin."

Bequest.—Oliver D. Cooke, of Hartford, Ct. has, we learn, bequeathed a portion of the Exchange Building, now *erecting* in that city, to the *American Education Society*. It is said the property is worth 10,000 dollars.

IT'S TIME;

OR THE LITTLE FACTORY GIRL.

Many of our readers will find a difficulty in [illegible] the [illegible] we have placed before them—[illegible] to find a [illegible] with great celerity. Verse well suited to [illegible] day [illegible] is required. An affecting fact, [illegible] Gilles Sharpe, in 210 of the *Edinburgh* has been [illegible] into rhyme, and we give it, without something like [illegible] Let the reader observe that it contains merely a [illegible] statement of the fact which really took place, and [illegible] we, too, we must add, used to be [illegible] true.—*Article on Factory Question.*—*Fraser's Mag.*

'Twas an a winter's morning,
The weather wet and wild,
Three hours before the dawning
The infant roused his child;
Her daily meal bringing,
The darksome room he paced,
And cried, 'The bell is ringing,
My hapless darling, haste!'

'Father, I'm up, but weary,
I scarce can reach the door,
And long the way and dreary,—
O carry me once more!
To help us we've no mother,
And you have no employ;
They killed my little brother,—
Like him I'll work and die!'

Her wasted form seemed nothing,
The load was at his heart;
The sufferer he kept soothing,
Till at the mill they part.
The overlooker met her,
As to her frame she crept,
And with his thong he beat her,
And cursed her as she wept.

Alas! what hours of horror
Made up her latest day;
In toil, and pain, and sorrow,
They slowly passed away:
It seemed, as she grew weaker,
The threads they oftener broke,
The rapid wheels ran quicker,
And heavier fell the stroke.

The sun had long descended,
But night brought no repose;
Her day began and ended
As cruel tyrants chose.
At length a little neighbour
Her halfpenny she paid,
To take her last hour's labour,
While by her frame she laid.

At last, the engine ceasing,
The captives homeward rushed;
She thought her strength increasing—
'Twas hope her spirits flushed:
She left, but oft she tarried;
She fell, and rose no more,
Till, by her comrades carried,
She reached her father's door.

All night, with tortured feeling,
He watched his speechless child,
While, close beside her kneeling,
She knew him not, nor smiled.
Again the Factory's ringing,
Her last perceptions tried;
When, from her straw-bed springing,
'Tis time!' she shrieked—and died!

THE REFUGE OF THE WALDENSES.

In reviewing the memoir of Felix Neff, the Quarterly supplies an account of the ultimate retreat of these victims of persecution, from which we extract what follows:—

"The population consists of forty families, all of the unmixed race of the ancient Waldenses, who never, says Neff, bowed their knee before an idol, even when all the Protestants of the valley of Queyras dissembled their faith. The ruins of the wall and forts still remain which they built to protect themselves against surprise. They owed their preservation in part to the nature of the country, which being defended by a natural fortification of glaciers and arid rocks, is almost inaccessible: the village itself is nearly so even in the finest season of the year. There is but one approach to it, and that by a steep ascent, where in the narrowest part of the way, 'a cascade throws itself over the path into the abyss below, forming a sheet of water between the face of the rock and the edge of the precipice.' When Neff made his first visit there, at the beginning of February, this was a sheet of ice, and on the Sunday morning he and some young men cut steps in it with their hatchets, that the people from the lower hamlet might ascend to the church with less danger.

'Perhaps, of all the habitable spots in Europe, this wretched village is the most repulsive. Nature is stern and terrible, without offering any boon but that of personal security from the fury of the oppressor, to invite man to make his resting-place here. When the sun shines brightest, the side of the mountain opposite to Dormilleuse, and on the same level, is covered with snow, and the traveller, in search of new scenes to gratify his taste for the sublime or the beautiful, finds nothing to repay him for his pilgrimage, but the satisfaction of planting his foot on the soil, which has been hallowed as the asylum of Christians of whom the world was not worthy. The spot which they and their descendants have chosen for their last stronghold is indeed a very citadel of strength. But the eye wanders in vain for any one point of fascination. The village is not built on the summit, or on the shelf of a rock. It is not, like Forsythe's description of Cortona, "a picture hung upon a wall." It does not stand forth in bold relief, and fling defiance upon the intruder as he approaches. It is not even seen, till the upper pass is cleared, and then it disappoints expectation by its mean disclosure of a few poor huts, detached from each other, without any one building as an object of attraction, or any strongly marked feature to give a character to the scene; neither is there any view which it commands, to make amends for this defect in itself; all is cold, forlorn, and cheerless.'

'The inhabitants, Neff, when he first saw them, described as a miserable and degenerate race, whose moral and physical aspect reminded the Christian that sin and death are the only true inheritance of the children of Adam. 'Their huts,' says Mr. Gilly, 'are wretched constructions of stone and mud, from which fresh air, comfort, and cleanliness seem to be utterly excluded.' Even in those villages where there is less physical misery, their apartments are unswept, their woollen garments (for linen is unknown among them) are unwashed, and their hands and faces as little accustomed to cold water, as if there was a perpetual drought in the land. 'I should fear,' says his biographer, 'that the excellent Neff, with all the improvements which he introduced into his parish, either omitted, or failed to convince the folks there, that cleanliness is not a forbidden luxury, but one of the necessary duties of life.' At the village of Mensas, which lies below Dormilleuse, squeezed up in the very narrowest gorge of the valley, and which early in September is buried in snow, without hope of seeing the sun during the rest of the winter, the people, in their low, dark, dirty houses, seemed, says Neff, to be satisfied with the utter misery of their condition.

'Even in parts of Neff's parish which are to them, 'as a garden and scene of delight, the people are in a pitiable state;' none of the comforts and very few of the conveniences of life have yet been introduced among them. They are on the very outskirts of human society; and winter brings with it privations always, and not seldom, when the seasons have proved unfavorable, dangers of extreme want. It is very seldom that they can raise more corn than for their own demand. The few cattle that they rear are not for home consumption; they must be driven far before they can be sold, and the money which is obtained for them will barely pay the taxes, (for even poverty there is taxed) and purchase indispensable household articles and instruments of husbandry. When resources fail them, such as have strength and hope enough for the exertion, emigrate like swallows, for the winter in search, not of fortune, but of food. This was the case in the second year of Neff's residence; the dearth was so great, that many sold their cattle at any price that the purchaser would be pleased to give, because the forage failed; and he frequently met large parties of young men, and even fathers of families, going to seek work on any terms in distant provinces.

To these people Felix Neff devoted himself.

'It was not on Sunday only that he went the round of his churches, but he was ever visiting now one quarter, and then another; and happy did they esteem themselves at whose table he sat down, and under whose roof he lodged for the night. When his arrival was expected in certain hamlets, whose station to be visited was supposed to be coming round, it was beautiful to see the cottages send forth their inhabitants, to watch the coming of the beloved minister. "Come, take your dinner with us"—"Let me prepare your supper"—"Permit me to give up my bed to you," were re-echoed from many a voice, and though there was nothing in the repast which denoted a feast-day, yet never was festival observed with greater rejoicing than by those whose rye-bread and pottage were shared by their pastor. Sometimes, when the old people of one cabin were standing at their doors, and straining their eyes to catch the first view of their "guide to heaven," the youngsters of another were perched on the summit of a rock, and stealing a prospect which would afford them an earlier sight of him, and give them the opportunity of offering the first invitation. It was on these occasions that he obtained a perfect knowledge of the people, questioning them about such of their domestic concerns as he might be supposed to take an interest in, as well as about their spiritual condition, and finding where he could be useful both as a secular adviser and a religious counsellor. "Could all their children read? Did they understand what they read? Did they offer up morning and evening prayers? Had they any wants that he could relieve? Any doubts that he could remove? Any afflictions wherein he could be a comforter?'

'It was thus that he was the father of his flock, and master of their affections and their opinions; and when the seniors asked for his blessing, and the children took hold of his hands or his knees, he felt all the fatigue of his long journeys pass away, and became recruited with new strength. But for the high and holy feelings which sustained him, it is impossible that he could have borne up against his numerous toils and exposures, even for the few months in which he thus put his constitution to the trial. Neither rugged paths, nor the inclement weather of these Alps, which would change suddenly from sunshine to rain, and from rain to sleet, and from sleet to snow; nor snow deep under foot, and obscuring the view when dangers lay thick on his road; nothing of this sort deterred him from setting out, with his staff in his hand, and his wallet on his back, when he imagined that his duty summoned him. I have been assured by those who have received him into their houses at such times, that he has come in chilly, wet, and fatigued, or exhausted by heat, and sudden transitions from excessive heat to piercing cold, and that, after sitting down a few minutes, his elastic spirits would seem to renovate his sinking frame, and he would enter into discourse with all the mental vigor of one who was neither weary nor languid.

'When he was not resident at the presbytery, he was the guest of some peasant, who found him willing to live as he lived; to make a scanty meal of soup-maigre, often without salt or bread, and to retire to rest in the same apartment, where a numerous family were crowded together, amidst all the inconveniences of a dirty and smoky hovel.'—pp. 213—215.

'You have come among us,' said an inhabitant of Mensas, 'like a woman who attempts to kindle a fire with green wood. She spends her breath in blowing it, to keep alive the little flame, but the moment she quits it, it goes out.' Lest it should indeed inevitably be thus, Neff endeavored, as far as means and circumstances permitted, to follow Oberlin's example, for the character of Oberlin was his delight and his model. He taught the people of the upper hamlets that a way might be made to let the smoke out of their dwellings, and apertures for letting in the light and air; chimneys and windows being luxuries to which few of them had aspired. He convinced them that warmth might be obtained in the winter more healthily, and not less comfortably, than by 'pigging together for six or seven months in stables, from which the muck of the cattle was removed but once during the year.' He taught them a mode of tillage by which they increased the quantity of their produce. The potatoe they had indeed before he went among them, but they cultivated it so wretchedly that the produce was the least possible, and the quality lamentably bad; for they set it so close that there was no room for growth or expansion or for weeding the ground. It was in vain that he advised them to set at proper distances; proceeding therefore in that decided way which Oberlin's example had taught him to pursue, he went through the valley when this business was in hand, and going out to the fields or gardens, when they were setting their potatoes, took the spade from the laborer, and set two or three rows himself. This was not permitted without great reluctance, and many, as soon as his back was turned, reset them after their own fashion; but a few let them remain, and in the ensuing year there was not one but was ready to follow the pastor's method; 'and the potatoe is now one of the most valuable productions of a soil which yields but a scanty return at the most.'

TENNYSON'S POEMS.

For the entertainment of the readers of the Atlas, we make liberal selections from an article contained in the last number of the London Quarterly Review, on a volume of "Poems by Alfred Tennyson."

As it is a prevailing taste with mankind to relish such severities, (when applied to others!) we are confident that it will be received with favour. But, be this as it may, the exhibition of the critic's ironical commendation is so happy that those who may choose to find fault with its application (if any such there be) will at least admit the adroitness with which the task is executed.—*N. Y. Atlas.*

"This is, as some of his marginal notes intimate, Mr. Tennyson's second appearance. By some strange chance, we have never seen his first publication, which, if it at all resembles its youngest brother, must be by this time so popular that any notice of it on our part would seem idle and presumptuous; but we gladly seize this opportunity of repairing an unintentional neglect, and of introducing to the admiration of our more sequestered readers a new prodigy of genius—another and a brighter star of that galaxy or *milky way* of poetry of which the lamented Keats was the harbinger; and let us take this occasion to sing our palinode on the subject of 'Endymion.' We certainly did not discover in that poem the same degree of merit that its more clear-sighted and prophetic admirers did. We did not foresee the unbounded popularity which has carried it through we know not how many editions; which has placed it in every mouth. All this spendour of fame, however, though we had not the sagacity to anticipate, we had the candour to acknowledge; and we request that the publisher of the new and beautiful edition of Keats's works now in press, with graphic illustrations by Calcott and Turner, will do us the favour and the justice to notice our conversion in his prolegomena.

Warned by our former mishap, wiser by experience, and improved, as we hope, in taste, we have to offer Mr. Tennyson our tribute of unmingled approbation, and it is very agreeable to us as well as to our readers, that our present task will be little more than the selection, for their delight, of a few specimens of Mr. Tennyson's singular genius, and the venturing to point out, now and then, the peculiar brilliancy of some of the gems that irradiate his poetical crown.

A prefatory sonnet opens to the reader the aspirations of the young author, in which, after the manner of sundry poets, ancient and modern, he expresses his own peculiar character, by wishing himself to be something that he is not. The amorous Catullus aspired to be a sparrow; the tuneful and convivial Anacreon wished to be a lyre and a great drinking cup; a crowd of mere modern sentimentalists have desired to approach their mistresses as flowers, tunicks, sandals, bird's breezes, and butterflies;—all poor conceits of narrow-minded poetasters! Mr. Tennyson (though he, too, would, as far as his true-love is concerned, not unwillingly be 'an earring,' 'a girdle,' and 'a necklace,' p. 45) in the more serious and solemn exordium of his works ambition's a bolder metamorphosis—he wishes to be—*a river!*

SONNET.

'Mine be the strength of spirit fierce and free,
Like some broad river rushing down *alone*'—

rivers that travel in company are too common for his taste—

With the self-same impulse wherewith he was thrown'—

a beautiful and harmonious line—

'Prom his hand fount upon the echoing lea;—
Which, with *increasing* might, doth *forward flee*'—

Every word of this line is valuable—the natural progress of human ambition is here strongly characterized—two lines ago he would have been satisfied with the *self same* impulse—but now he must have *increasing* might; and indeed he would require all his might to accomplish his object of *fleeing forward*, that is, going backwards and forwards at the same time. Perhaps he uses the word *flee* for *flow*; which latter he could not well employ in *this* place, it being, as we shall see, essentially necessary to rhyme to *Mexico* towards the end of the sonnet—as an equivalent to *flow* he has, therefore, with great taste and ingenuity, hit on the combination of *forward flee*—

——————' doth forward flee
By town, and tower, and hill, and cape, and isle,
And in the middle of the green *salt* sea
Keeps his blue waters fresh for many a mile.'

A noble wish, beautifully expressed, that he may not be confounded with the deluge of ordinary poets, but, amidst their discoloured and briny ocean, still preserve his own bright tints and sweet savor. He may be at ease on this point—he never can be mistaken for any one else. We have but too late become acquainted with him, yet we assure ourselves that if a thousand anonymous specimens were presented to us, we should unerringly distinguish his by the total absence of any particle of *salt*. But again, his thoughts take another turn, and he reverts to the insatiability of human ambition:—we have seen him just now content to be a river, but as he *flees forward*, his desires expand into sublimity, and he wishes to become the great Gulf-stream of the Atlantic.

'Mine be the power which ever to its sway
Will win *the wise at once*—

We, for once, are wise, and he has won *us*—

'Will win the wise at once; and by degrees
May into encouraged spirits flow,
Even as the great gulph-stream of Florida
Floats far away into the Northern seas
The lavish growths of southern Mexico!'—p. 1.

And so concludes the sonnet.

The next piece is a kind of testamentary paper, addressed 'To ——,' a friend, we presume, containing his wishes as to what his friend should do for him when he (the poet) shall be dead—not, as we shall see, that he quite thinks that such a poet can die outright.

'Shake hands, my friend, across the brink
Of that deep grave to which I go.
Shake hands once more; I cannot sink
So far—far down, but I shall know
Thy voice, and answer from below!'

Horace said 'non omnis moriar,' meaning that his fame should survive—Mr. Tennyson is still more vivacious, 'non *omnino* moriar,'—'I will not die at all; my body shall be as immortal as my verse, and however *low I may go*, I warrant you I shall keep all my wits about me,—therefore'

'When, in the darkness over me,
The four-handed mole shall scrape,
Plant thou no dusky cypress tree,
Nor wreath thy cap with doleful crape,
But pledge me in the flowing grape.'

Observe how all ages become present to the mind of a great poet; and admire how naturally he combines the funeral cypress of classical antiquity with the crape hat-band of the modern undertaker.

He proceeds:—

'And when the sappy field and wood
Grow green beneath the *showery gray*,
And rugged barks begin to bud,
And through damp holts, newflushed with *May*,
Ring sudden *laughters* of the jay!'

Laughter, the philosophers tell us, is the peculiar attribute of man—but as Shakspeare found 'tongues in trees and sermons in stones,' this true poet endows all nature not merely with human sensibilities but with human functions—the jay *laughs*, and we find, indeed, a little further on, that the woodpecker *laughs* also; but to mark the distinction between their merriment and that of men, both jays and woodpeckers laugh upon melancholy occasions. We are glad, moreover, to observe, that Mr. Tennyson is prepared for, and therefore will not be disturbed by, human laughter, if any silly reader should catch the infection from the woodpeckers and jays.

'Then let wise nature work her will,
And on my clay her darnels grow,
Come only when the days are still,
And at my head-stone whisper low,
And tell me'—

Now, what would an ordinary bard wish to be told under such circumstances?—why, perhaps, how his sweetheart was, or his child, or his family, or how the Reform Bill worked, or whether the last edition of the poems had been sold—*papa!* our genuine poet's first wish is

'And tell me—*if the woodbines blow?*

When, indeed, he shall have been thus satisfied as to the *woodbines*, (of the blowing of which in their due season he may, we think, feel pretty secure,) he turns a passing thought to his friend—and another to his mother—

'*If thou* art blest, my *mother's* smile
Undimmed' ————

but such inquiries, short as they are, seem too commonplace, and he immediately glides back into his curiosity as to the state of the weather and the forwardness of the spring—

'If thou art blessed—my mother's smile
Undimmed—*if bees are on the wing?*'

No, we believe the whole circle of poetry does not furnish such another instance of enthusiasm for the

sights and sounds of the vernal season'—The sorrows of a bereaved mother rank *after* the blossoms of the *woodbine*, and just before the hummings of the *bee;* and this is *all* that he has any curiosity about; for he proceeds—

'Then cease, my friend, a little while,
That I may'——

'send my love to my mother,' or 'give you some hints about bees, which I have picked up from Aristæus, in the Elysian Fields,' or 'tell you how I am situated as to my own personal comforts in the world below?'—oh no—

'That I may—hear the *throstle sing*
His bridal song—the boast of spring.
Sweet as the noise, in parched plains,
Of bubbling wells that fret the stones,
(*If any sense in me remains*)
Thy words will be—thy cheerful tones
As welcome—to my *crumbling bones!*'—p. 4.

'*If any sense in me remains!*'—This doubt is inconsistent with the opening stanza of the piece, and, in fact, too modest; we take upon ourselves to re-assure Mr. Tennyson, that, even after he shall be dead and buried, as much '*sense*' will still remain as he has now the good fortune to possess.

We have quoted these two first poems in *extenso*, to obviate any suspicion of our having made a partial or delusive selection. We cannot afford space—we wish we could—for an equally minute examination of the rest of the volume, but we shall make a few extracts to show—what we solemnly affirm—that every page teems with beauties hardly less surprising.

* * * * *

Next comes another class of poems—Visions. The first is the 'Palace of Art,' or a fine house, in which the poet *dreams* that he sees a very fine collection of well-known pictures. An ordinary versifier would, no doubt, have followed the old routine, and dully described himself as walking into the Louvre, or Buckingham Palace, and there seeing certain masterpieces of painting:—a true poet dreams it. We have not room to hang many of these *chefs-d'œuvre*, but for a few we must find space.—'The Madonna'—

'The maid mother by a crucifix,
In yellow pastures sunny warm,
Beneath branch work of costly sardonyx
Sat smiling—*babe in arm.*'—p. 72.

The use of this latter, apparently colloquial phrase, is a deep stroke of art. The form of expression is always used to express an habitual and characteristic action. A knight is described '*lance in rest*'—a dragoon, '*sword in hand*'—so, as the idea of the Virgin is inseparably connected with her child, Mr. Tennyson reverently describes her conventional position—'*babe in arm.*'

His gallery of illustrious portraits is thus admirably arranged:—The Madonna—Ganymede—St. Cecilia—Emropa—Deep-haired Milton—Shakspeare—Grim Dante—Michael Angelo—Luther—Lord Bacon—Cervantes—Calderon—King David—'the Halicarnassean' (*quære*, which of them?)—Alfred, (not Alfred Tennyson, though no doubt in any other man's gallery he would have had a place) and finally—

'Isaiah, with fierce Ezekiel,
Swarth Moses by the Coptic sea,
Plato, *Petrarca*, Livy, and Raphael,
And eastern Confutzee?'

We can hardly suspect the very original mind of Mr. Tennyson to have harboured any recollections of that celebrated Doric idyll, 'The groves of Blarney,' but certainly there is a strong likeness between Mr. Tennyson's list of pictures and the Blarney collection of statues—

'Statues growing that noble place in,
All heathen goddesses most rare,
Homer, Plutarch, and Nebuchadnezzar,
All standing naked in the open air?'

* * * * *

But we must hasten on; and to tranquillize the reader's mind after the last affecting scene, shall notice the only two pieces of a lighter strain which the volume affords. The first is elegant and playful: it is a description of the author's study, which he affectionately calls his *Darling Room*.

'O darling room, my heart's delight;
Dear room, the apple of my sight;
With thy two couches, soft and white,
There is no room so exquisite;
No little room so warm and bright,
Wherein to read, wherein to write.'

We entreat our readers to note how, even in this little trifle, the singular taste and genius of Mr. Tennyson break forth. In such a dear *little* room a narrow minded scribbler would have been content with *one* sofa, and that one he would probably have covered with black mohair, or red cloth, or a good striped chintz; how infinitely more characteristic is white dimity!—'tis as it were a type of the purity of the poet's mind. He proceeds—

'For I the Nonnenworth have seen,
And Oberwinter's vineyards green,
Musical Lurlei; and between
The hills to Bingen I have been,
Bingen in Darmstadt, where the *Rhene*
Curves towards Mentz, a woody scene.

'Yet never did there meet my sight,
In any town, to left or right,
A little room so exquisite,
With *two* such couches soft and white;
Not any room so warm and bright,
Wherein to read, wherein to write.—p. 153.

A common poet would have said that he had been in London or in Paris—in the loveliest villa on the banks of the Thames, or the most gorgeous chateau on the Loire—that he had reclined in Madame de Stael's boudoir, and mused in Mr. Rogers' comfortable study; but the *darling room* of the poet of nature (which we must suppose to be endued with sensibility or he would not have addressed it) would not be flattered with such common-place comparisons;—no, no, but it is something to have it said that there is no such room in the ruins of the Drachenfels, in the vineyard of Oberwinter, or even in the rapids of the *Rhene*, under the Lurleyberg. We have ourselves visited all these celebrated spots, and can testify, in corroboration of Mr. Tennyson, that we did not see in any of them anything like *this little room so exquisite*.

The second of the lighter pieces, and the last with which we shall delight our readers, is a severe retaliation on the editor of the Edinburgh Magazine, who, it seems, had not treated the first volume of Mr. Tennyson with the same respect that we have, we trust, evinced for the second.

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

'You did late review my lays,
Crusty Christopher;
You did mingle blame and praise,
Rusty Christopher.
When I learnt from whom it came,
I forgave you all the blame,
Musty Christopher;
I could *not* forgive the praise,
Fusty Christopher.'—p. 153.

Was there ever any thing so genteelly turned—so terse—so sharp—and the point so stinging and *so true!*

'I could not forgive the *praise*,
Fusty Christopher.'

This leads us to observe on a phenomenon which we have frequently seen, but never been able to explain. It has been occasionally our painful lot to excite the displeasure of authors whom we have reviewed, and who have vented their dissatisfaction, some in prose, some in verse, and some in what we could not distinctly say whether it was verse or prose; but we have invariably found that the common formula of retort was that adopted by Mr. Tennyson against his northern critic, namely, that the author would always

——Forgive us all the *blame*,
But could *not* forgive the *praise*.

Now this seems very surprising. It has sometimes, though we regret to say rarely, happened, that, as in the present instance, we have been able to deal out unqualified praise, but we never found that the dose in this case, disagreed with the most squeamish stomach; on the contrary, the patient has always seemed exceedingly comfortable after he had swallowed it. He has been known to take the 'Review' home and keep his wife from a ball, and his children from bed, till he could administer it to them, by reading the article aloud. He has even been heard to recommend the 'Review' to his acquaintance at the clubs, as the best number which has yet appeared, and one, who happened to be an M. P. as well as an author, gave a *conditional* order, that in case his last work should be favourably noticed, a dozen copies should be sent down by the mail to the borough of ———. But on the other hand, when it has happened that the general course of our criticism has been unfavourable, if by accident we happened to introduce the smallest spice of *praise*, the patient immediately fell into paroxysms—declaring that the part which we foolishly thought might offend him had, on the contrary, given him pleasure—positive pleasure, but *that* which he could not possibly either forget or forgive, was the grain of praise, be it ever so small, which we had dropped in, and for which, and *not for our censure*, he felt constrained, in honour and conscience, to visit us with his extreme indignation. Can any reader or writer inform us how it is that praise in the wholesale is so very agreeable to the very same stomach that rejects it with disgust and loathing, when it is scantily administered; and above all, can they tell us why it is that the indignation and nausea should be in the exact inverse ratio to the quantity of the ingredient? These effects, of which we could quote several cases much more violent than Mr. Tennyson's, puzzle us exceedingly; but a learned friend, whom we have consulted, has, though he could not account for the phenomenon, pointed out what he thought an analagous case. It is related of Mr. Alderman Faulkner, of convivial memory, that one night when he expected his guests to sit late and try the strength of his claret and his head, he took the precaution of placing in his wine glass a strawberry, which his doctor, he said, had recommended to him on account of its cooling qualities: on the faith of this specific, he drank even more deeply, and, as might be expected, was carried away at an earlier period and in rather a worse state, than was usual with him. When some of his friends condoled with him next day, and attributed his misfortune to six bottles of claret which he had imbibed, the Alderman was extremely indignant—'the claret,' he said, 'was sound, and never could do any man any harm—his discomfiture was altogether caused by that —— single strawberry,' which he had kept all night at the bottom of his glass."

From the N. Y. Atlas.

DRY ROT.

Readers of the Atlas:—however dry and unpromising the title, our subject is neither dry nor disgusting. We take it for granted you are aware that this term is applied to a certain form of decay most destructive to naval architecture, and very extensively injurious to other constructions where timber is employed. Of course you will readily apprehend the importance of some remedy for such an evil, and will be interested in learning the probability that such a remedy has been discovered, and in what it consists.

"Regarding, as far we can perceive, the growth of *fungi* as the primary evil to be guarded against, the late illustrious philosopher, Sir Humphry Davy, threw out, in one of his early lectures at the Royal Institution, a hint that a solution of the deuto-chloride of mercury, which he had tried with success as a means of preserving insects, might perhaps be found available on a larger scale, and especially in the case of vegetable substances; but no experiments appear to have followed the suggestion, chiefly, we believe, because Davy himself expressed, shortly afterwards, a suspicion that, if such experiments were ever so successful, a poisonous atmosphere might be generated within a ship, or even a dwelling-house, constructed of timbers which had been saturated with such a preparation.* The hint, in short, had the fate of so many now famous articles in the Marquis of Worcester's 'Century of Inventions;'—it found a place in every successive treatise on dry rot; but no one thought of putting it to the test; until a distiller of the city of London, who had never, it is said, heard of Davy's *obiter dictum*, in the course of some experiments on vegetable infusions, became so much impressed with the virtues of the very application which Davy had pointed out, that he was induced to begin a series of experiments as to wood also;—and hence the novel aspect under which the whole subject of dry rot at this moment presents itself.

The theory of this ingenious person, in as far as we can gather it from his *specification*, and some printed documents now before us, and we must add, from a very clever lecture lately delivered by Mr. Faraday, may be considered as founded on the great truth thus succinctly stated by Fourcroy: 'The aim of nature in exciting fermentation is to render more simple the compounds formed by vegetation and animalization, and to employ these in new combinations.' Mr. Knowles, in commenting on Fourcroy's dictum, says—

'Thus is the great law of nature fulfilled, that the death of one body shall give life to others. When the animal dies, and fermentation takes place, flies deposit their eggs, maggots are formed, and the fleshy parts are destroyed; when the vegetable body falls, it is eaten by worms of another kind, or destroyed by fungi; and if, in consequence of the employment of art, the duration of either is extended, *that slow but sure destroyer, Time*, at length renders them to their native earth, to serve, in their turn, for nutriment to others.'—*Knowles*, p. 112.

In the next paragraph Mr. Knowles advances another and a very important step:—

'When an animal or vegetable body is deprived of *life* the very principles which were the causes of its nutriment become the means of its decay. To bring about decomposition the same agents are necessary as to promote vegetation,—air, heat, and moisture, under proper modifications and combinations. In a vegetable body, when the fermentative process begins, the vessels or fibres of which it is composed are put in motion; a separation of them takes place; the volume is consequently enlarged, and it generally suffers an alteration in color. As the process advances towards putrefaction, heat is evolved, and carbonic gas is disengaged.'—*Ibid.*

Mr. Knowles, in this last passage, approached the verge of his successor's theory; which may be thus briefly stated. *In the germination* which converts the acorn into an oak, and in the putrefaction which reduces the felled tree to a bed of fungi, or a hive of insects,—the same great vegetative principle is at work. Vegetable *albumen* (combined, in various proportions, with farinaceous, mucilaginous, and saccharine matter) is the primary constituent of every seed. When exposed to atmospheric air under a certain temperature,—not lower than 22 degrees nor higher than 100 degrees of Fahrenheit,—the germinating power is brought into action, and the seed becomes a tree. The first year's growth forms the pith, the alburnum, and the bark: in the following year, or years, the pith becomes heart-wood, and when *that* is once formed every succeeding season adds another concentric layer of alburnum, which in its turn becomes ultimately heart-wood. The bark has an expansive growing power, as to admit the yearly extension of the alburnum; but it has also a strong compressive energy, expelling *moisture* from the layers that successively assume the character of heart-wood,—but not expelling the vegetable albumen, which, squeezed into a concrete form, remains shut up in the interstices, even to the very centre of the tree. The active vitality of the tree is in the alburnum, through the vessels of which, perpendicularly and also laterally, the sap ascends and circulates; but the principle of vitality,—the albumen of the parent seed,—continues to be present, though dormant, in the compactest tissue, of the heart of oak; and capable, even after the lapse of centuries, during which it has been preserved from the action of air and moisture, of exhibiting its vegetative power on being exposed to these influences.

If we grant these premises—in support of which we are referred to a very beautiful chapter in Mr. Lindley's recent work on botany, and to innumerable undoubted facts, recorded in existing treatises on dry rot, especially in the masterly Essay in the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica—it will begin to be pretty clear that no process of desiccation ought to be the object of the physiologist who would strike at the root of this malady; but that he ought to search for the means of destroying the latent element of vitality in the central body of the tree—of extirpating the dormant life of the concrete *albumen*.—The practical inquirer, whose operations have suggested this paper, asserts, accordingly, that he has satisfied himself, by a course of experiments continued during not less than ten years, that this object has been attained—that the primary cause of all vegetable fermentation is neutralized by the deutochloride of mercury, exactly as Sir H. Davy had ascertained its efficacy in neutralizing the primary element of animal decay. The true principle of action, he says, in almost every antidote, is affinity for the bane or poison to be neutralized or destroyed. Albumen, in animal and in vegetable substances, is the main element of physical vitality, and consequently of fermentation and putrefaction. Every tyro who walks an hospital knows that *white of egg* is the simplest antidote to corrosive sublimate; and in like manner, when a solution of sublimate is applied to timber, it at once penetrates the alburnum, and then flies to the heart-wood—combining with the *albumen*, whether in an active or a dormant state, and *killing* it.

Mr. Faraday (of the authority of whose name we need not say anything) expressed himself in the outset of his lecture of the 22d of February last, as having been very soon impressed that this theory, and the practice thereon founded, would, in all probability, stand the test of experiment. The subject appeared so important in itself, and the *doctrine* of the new application so just *ex facie*, that he took considerable pains in examining into the matter,—visiting from time to time the *tanks* of the patentee's establishment, watching the progress of the experiments at Woolwich, and also trying the thing for himself in a variety of ways, in his own laboratory. He proceeded to narrate, in the first place, the history of the experiments which had been made in London and at Woolwich, as to separate pieces of wood, and to exhibit to his audience abundant specimens of the results. The display was a most curious one—but

'Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus;'

and we shall content ourselves with a very brief and imperfect repetition of things, which certainly must have left an extraordinary impression on the mind of every eye-witness.

The 'fungus pit' at Woolwich is a subterranean chamber lined with wood in the worst possible stages of corruption: it is kept extremely damp, generates carbonic acid gas in profusion, and, in short, forms, as its name implies, a perfect hot-bed for the growth of all those fungi that used to be considered as the causes, but which are only the most usual symptoms, of dry rot. It is a proverb among the people of the dockyard, that a month in *the hole* is worse for a bit of timber, than ten years in almost any possible situation out of it: and the government, pestered with the eternal applications of the rot-doctors, have hitherto found their safety-valve in this fungus pit. Mr. Knowles concludes one of his chapters with a distinct statement that no prepared timber, exposed during twelve months to the action of this ordeal, had, unless insulated by some other substance, 'entirely resisted the influence of the gas.' (p. 55.) We have ourselves visited this noxious place, and seen an hour and a half elapse, after opening the trap-door, before a candle would burn six inches beneath the surface.—Blocks of timber—oak, elm, pine, beech, &c.—prepared with the solution of sublimate, have now, as Mr. Faraday said, and as the printed documents before us prove distinctly, stood the test of the fungus pit, without exhibiting the slightest symptom of decay, during no less a period, some of them, than *five years;* and these, instead of being insulated by means of some heterogeneous substance, had been lying on the fungus-spread floor of the dungeon, each with an unmedicated fragment of the very same tree, and of the like bulk, close by its side—every one of which unprepared pieces was found, at the opening of the pit, in rapid progress to decomposition. The results of various experiments, instituted by Sir Robert Smirke, the eminent architect, with a view to his own professional business, were in like manner detailed, and his evidence as to the power of timbers prepared in this method to resist the action of dropping eaves, &c. during a course of time sufficient to bring utter decay upon unprepared ones similarly exposed, was not less satisfactory than the upshot of the long trials at Woolwich.

The *prima facie* efficacy of the application was illustrated, as some thought even more remarkably, by the exhibition of pieces of canvass, and even of delicate calico cloth, which had been placed during from two to three months on the floor of the fungus pit. The prepared pieces came out entirely sound, while, of the unmedicated counterparts, there remained nothing but a few mildewed strings that fell to pieces at the touch.

The lecturer stated, on the authority of Mr. Kyan, that cubes of oak, Memel pine, &c. containing each 216 cubical inches, imbibe, notwithstanding the difference of their structures, as nearly as can be measured, the very same quantity of the solution,—about five ounces each; a quantity so small, that the expense of the operation is a mere trifle, compared with the result. The process is of course rapid in a plank, compared with a solid log. Fir deals take in their quantum within forty-eight hours—a beam of oak is not saturated under a month; but what is a month, when we think of the years always considered necessary for the seasoning of timber in the usual process of drying?

There remained to be answered certain important questions—to one of which we have already alluded. How long will the antiseptic virtue of this medicated timber abide in it? Will not the corrosive sublimate, essentially a poison, be disengaged from the vegetable body with which it has combined, under exposure to

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* This suspicion, we believe, occurred to Sir Humphry Davy, and also to Mr. Faraday, when they were consulted by Earl Spencer on the appearance of the dry rot in his Lordship's magnificent library at Althorp.

air and moisture! And if this be the case, will not the wood lose its protection against the usual sources of dry rot, while, at the same time, the disengaged poison mingles with and contaminates the atmosphere breathed by the ship's crew!

Mr. Faraday proceeded to detail a very ingenious series of chemical experiments, in which these startling doubts had led him to engage; and the issue of which, as far as they go, is satisfactory. Mr. Kyan stated that, on the contact of corrosive sublimate with any vegetable juice containing albumen, a new combination, a *tertium quid*, results; and upon this view Mr. Faraday experimented. He found that prepared canvass and calico, when washed in water until a certainty was obtained that *that* fluid would remove nothing more, still gave mercury to weak nitric acid; the presence of a mercurial compound, proof against water, was thus, he thought, established—and he inferred that it could evolve, under ordinary circumstances of exposure, no noxious vapour whatever."

From the N.Y. Atlas.

LETTERS OF EULER ON NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—*J. & J. Harper.*—These two volumes, constituting the 55th and 56th Nos. of the *Family Library*, bear further testimony to our assertion respecting the press of these enterprising brothers; and at the same time manifest the progressive fulfilment of their own promises as to the character of the publications which the series should embrace. The work here added is an improved translation of the Letters of the celebrated Euler, to the Princess of Anhalt Dessau, written during his residence at the Prussian Capital in 1760, '61, and '62, and adapted to the present state of discovery and knowledge, by Sir David Brewster; with notes by Dr. Griscom, of this city.

A Treatise by one of Euler's intellectual greatness and worth, exhibiting and illustrating the principles of Natural Philosophy, and to a considerable extent those of mental and moral philosophy also, could not fail to possess high value; and when expressly designed for the use of a female, must superadd the attractions that a simplification of very learned and abstruse investigations would necessarily produce.—Our readers will scarcely, in such circumstances, require any testimonials of the merits of the work, yet as authority of the first eminence is at hand, we quote a part of the opinions expressed by a distinguished French Philosopher, Condorcet, which the reader may find more at length in the preface. "The Letters of Euler to a German Princess have acquired all over Europe a celebrity to which the reputation of the Author, the choice and importance of the several subjects, and the clearness of elucidation justly entitle them." Before we close this notice, it should be added that a part of the elucidation here referred to, is obtained by the use of various cuts and figures which the volumes contain. *En passant*, we are somewhat surprised to find that the modern illegitimate word "caption," is employed by the annotator.

Unceasing in their activity, the same publishers have this week brought out another number of their "Boys' and Girls' Library." Pursuing, for convenience, an inverted order, the 3d volume of *Tales from American History*, is issued before the 1st and 2nd of the same series; but these will very shortly appear and the hiatus be filled. We mention this because some perplexity may otherwise be occasioned; the reader finding references to former works of which he has no knowledge. The publisher's preface indeed alludes to the forthcoming complement, but in terms not perfectly explicit.

This number, written for the place it holds, relates the principal events in the history of discovery and settlement in North America. The authoress, whose fame has been established by former productions of the same class, evinces anew her qualifications for the office of a judicious instructor of the youthful mind. Deriving her materials from such varied sources and mixed characters and events, she has skilfully prepared a series of narratives calculated to interest the mind, to improve the understanding, and above all to amend the heart. She is careful in the selection of her incidents, attentive to the manner in which they are described, and watchful of the impression that they may leave. To secure a favourable result, she interspersses without stiffness or formality, such just reflections as may lead the mind to a due appreciation of moral conduct and religious principle.

The annals embraced in this history extend through a period from the voyages of Magellan to the expeditions of Franklin and Beechey. Several plates and cuts adorn the volume, and an appendix supplies suitable questions for examination. To us the book seems precisely adapted to the object the publishers have in view, being happily calculated for youth of proper age, whether in school or at the parental hearth.

That instruction such as this volume affords is not lost on those to whom it is addressed, we had yesterday a pleasing testimony. Walking through the street, we passed a lad of ten or eleven years old resting his market basket on the pavement, and talking earnestly to an anxious listener of still more youthful aspect. Slackening our pace as we approached them, we found the speaker busily employed in discoursing to his fellow of Constantinople and the Turks.—*ib.*

DEATHS.—*The Rev. Rowland Hill.*—We have this day to announce the death of this popular and excellent clergyman who expired on the 10th of April, at a quarter before 6 P. M. at his own residence, adjoining his Chapel, Little Charlotte-street, Blackfriar's road, in the 89th year of his age. The Rev. Mr. Hill's physical powers had long been in a declining state, but his intellectual energies remained almost unimpaired to the last moment of his existence. He lengthy sunk under a gradual decay of nature, and died without a groan. On Monday morning, Apr 8, he preached for the last time to an immense audience, composed principally of the boys belonging to the Sunday School Union, whom he had been in the habit of addressing on every successive Easter Monday for some years past. On Tuesday morning he expressed some desire to address the girls connected with the same schools, which was also his accustomed practice; but being very unwell, he was dissuaded from it by his friends, and his assistant, the Rev. Mr. Waite, officiated in his room. During the morning of that day he found it necessary to lie down in his bed, from which he never rose more. His friends who attended him during his last moments, state that although articulation failed him, they have no doubt but he was perfectly conscious of every thing transpiring around him until he breathed his last. Thus has died, at a good old age, this somewhat eccentric, but much respected and venerable Christian.—*Eng. paper.*

—*Admiral Lord Gambier.*—We regret to have to announce the death of this excellent and amiable nobleman at four o'clock on Friday morning, at his house at Iver, near Uxbridge, in the 77th year of his age. His lordship was one of the few remaining gallant officers who had a command in the glorious battle of the 1st of June. On that occasion he commanded the Defence, of 74 guns, which was the first ship that broke the line. The Defence was dismasted in the action, and had to contend with two French ships of the line one on each side, both of which struck to him. At Copenhagen Lord Gambier was the commander-in-chief of the naval forces, and for that service was rewarded with a pension of 2,000*l.* a year which latter he generously declined. His lordship again commanded the naval force against the French fleet in the Basque Roads. His public life has been distinguished by his loyalty and his devotion to the constitution; his private life has been an uninterrupted series of acts of kindness and philanthrophy.—*ib. Ap. 22d.*

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 28th, Mr Charles W Ogden, to Miss Amelia, youngest daughter of the late Nathaniel Shaler, Esq., of Middletown, Ct.

On the 25th, Mr Lodham S Chittenden, to Miss Harriet, daughter of Wm Merrell, Esq.

On the 30th, Mr Montezuma Hodges, of Norfolkboro', Va., to Miss Julia Carpenter, of this city.

On the 28th, Mr George Hooden, to Mrs Jane Eagles—both of Newark, NJ.

On the 25th, Mr Wm H Freeland, to Mrs Ann Eliza Livingston.

On the 29th, Mr L West, (of the firm of West & Co.) to Miss Emeline, daughter of Wm Merrell, Esq.

On the 29th, Mr Edward Giles, to Miss Josephine McKinny.

On the 27th, Mr Jas Wright, to Miss Mary S Forman.

On the 28th, Mr Richard L Harding, of this city, to Miss Caroline, daughter of the late Mr J C Finger, of Red Hook, Columbia co.

On the 3d, Mr Charles L Rhodes, (of the firm of Pomeroy & Bull) to Miss Catherine E, daughter of the late Major General J Mapes.

On the 2d, Mr Samuel W Slocum, (of the firm of Putnam & Slocum) to Miss Mary W, daughter of Nathaniel Putnam, Esq.

On the 3d, Dr Edward Glover, to Miss Maria Ann, daughter of the late Col John H Glover—all of Charleston, SC.

At Bushwick, L.I., on the 28th, Mr Peter C Mathews, of this city, to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of G DeBerouse, Esq., of the former place.

At Norwich, Ct., on the 22d, the Hon. Jabez W Huntington, to Miss Sally A, daughter of J Huntington, Esq., of Norwich.

At Philadelphia, on the 23d, Mr Michael Cronly, of New York, to Miss Mary A Kearney, of the former city.

DIED,

In this city, on the 29th, Mr Wm H M Fanshaw, late of the Theological Seminary at Princeton.

On the 28th, Mr John Howard, aged 53.

On the 28th, Mrs Franceska Ann, wife of Mr Palmer Canfield, and only daughter of Dr Felix Pascalis—ag. 30.

On the 26th, Mrs Margaret, wife of Mr Lewis Hibbert, aged 48.

On the 29th, Mrs Sarah, wife of Mr John Evans, ag.55.

On the 1st, Mrs Constant Boyd, aged 73.

On the 1st, Mrs Hannah, wife of Mr Wm P Lander.

On the 30th, Mr Henry Suydam, aged 54.

On the 1st, Mr Daniel G F Fanshaw, aged 21.

On the 3d, Mrs Ann, wife of Mr John Hart, aged 25.

On the 3d, Wm Pitt, son of John Mason, Esq., aged 20.

On the 24, the Hon Oliver Wolcott, aged 74—for a number of years Governor of Connecticut—&c. &c.

At the city of Mexico, on the 3d April, Mrs Rebecca Peck, formerly of Flushing L.I.

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.

MR. BRYAN, Surgeon Dentist, No. 21 Warren st. near Broadway, has now prepared for insertion a beautiful assortment of the best description of

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH,

in imitation of human teeth, of unchangeable colour and never liable to the least decay.

Mr. Bryan performs all necessary operations on the teeth, and in all applicable cases continues to use his PATENT PERPENDICULAR TOOTH EXTRACTOR, highly recommended by many of the most eminent physicians and surgeons of this city, whose certificates may be seen on application. The use of this instrument he reserves exclusively to himself in this city.

For further information relative to his Incorruptible Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing dental operations in general, Mr. Bryan has permission to refer to many respectable individuals and eminent physicians, among whom are the following: Valentine Mott, M.D., Samuel W. Moore, M.D., Francis E. Berger, M.D., D. W. Kissam, Jr. M.D., Amaziah Wright, M.D., and John C. Cheeseman, M.D. june 6-ci6m.

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Subscriptions received for the "Christian Advocate and Journal & Zion's Herald;" also, for the "Methodist Magazine," and "Quarterly Review."

☞ Orders punctually attended to.

June 6, 1833. J. ARTHUR.

DR. ROSSETER, *Dentist.*—The Subscriber having retired for the present from his profession as Dentist, his apartments, No. 69 Chambers street, will be occupied by MR. JOHN BURDELL, who will continue the practice of the profession.

From the reputation of Mr. Burdell, as a Dentist, and the satisfaction he has given to some of the most respectable families, as well as from my own knowledge of his professional abilities, I do not hesitate in confidently recommending him to my Patrons and Friends.

May 29. 2t acl D. ROSSETER.

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COLONNADE.

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HOBOKEN.

H. H. DYER informs his Friends and the Public, that the above Establishment is ready for the reception of Company. The Fields and Walks are dressed in their summer verdure; and he respectfully invites all those who wish to enjoy pure air and a pleasant walk, to visit the above place.

The Bar is stocked with a choice selection of Wines, &c. and every possible attention will be paid to the comfort of his visitors.

Ferriage to Hoboken will be reduced on the 5th May to 6¼ cents. Boats leave the foot of Barclay and Canal streets every 15 minutes.—Hoboken, May 4. ac3m

DR. PATTISON'S *Cyclopædia of Medical and Chirurgical Science*, a Weekly Newspaper for the circulation of Medical and Surgical information—to be published in Washington City: edited by Granville S. Pattison, M.D., Professor of Anatomy in Jefferson College.

As it is the intention of the Publisher to circulate, in a few weeks, a specimen number of the "Cyclopædia of Medical and Chirurgical Science," and as an opportunity will then be afforded to the Editor to give a full exposition of the plan on which the Journal will be conducted, he considers it unnecessary in the present advertisement to do more than announce its publication, and to state briefly its object:—

The march of improvement in Medical and Chirurgical science, has, within a few years, advanced with a rapidity unparalleled in the other sciences. The presses of Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, and the United States of America, are sending forth every week valuable original works, and the numerous Medical periodicals which issue, are replete with discoveries, facts, and cases, which it is of the highest importance to the cause of humanity and the interests of medical science that they should be made known to the members of the profession in the U. States immediately on their publication. It is intended that the "Cyclopædia of Medical and Chirurgical Science" shall accomplish this most important object. It will be devoted to the re-publication of the standard works of the profession, to the circulation of medical news, and to a circumspective review of the progress of medical and surgical science. The subscribers to the "Cyclopædia" will therefore not only obtain to their libraries, at a small expense, re-prints of all the medical works, but they will be made acquainted, weekly, with every thing of interest which is taking place in their profession.

A gentleman is now in Europe for the purpose of making arrangements to have all the new works on medicine and surgery, and all the medical journals and reviews, transmitted to the Editor immediately on their publication; and an experienced Engraver has been engaged to reside in the establishment at Washington, for the purpose of executing the engraving which may be required to illustrate the subjects treated of.

Gentlemen acquainted with the French, German, and Italian languages, will make translations of the best medical and surgical works which may appear in those languages, for re-publication in the "Cyclopædia."

The "Cyclopædia" will be printed on a sheet 48 inches long by 38 inches wide, giving 64 large royal octavo pages folded into pamphlet form, stitched and covered. Altho' folded into pamphlet form, it will be a newspaper, and it should be subject to newspaper postage only. It is proposed to give 52 numbers per annum, containing 3328 pages, or five volumes of 650 pages each, at a subscription of $10 per annum.

A specimen number will be issued in a few weeks, and the next as soon as three thousand subscribers are obtained. Those who desire to patronize the work, are requested to address the *Publisher* at Washington City, to whom the first year's subscription should be forwarded on the receipt of the second number.

All communications intended for the *Editor*, should be addressed to him at Philadelphia. All letters addressed to either, should have postage paid. DUFF GREEN.

Washington City, May 4th, 1833.

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NEW WASHINGTON BATH,
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THE Proprietor of this Bath, encouraged by his previous increasing Patrons, has, at a very great expense, built a more commodious Bathing House, adjoining his former one, and which is now open, and furnished with every convenience for Gentlemen exclusively; the former Bathing House is reserved for the use of Ladies only, to which there is a separate and distinct entrance, and to whom every accommodation and attendance will be afforded. He has also added a separate room in front, where he intends keeping a Circulating Library and Reading Room, together with a general assortment of Stationery, &c. No attention will be wanting to make this concern equal, if not superior, to any similar establishment of uptown Towns," while the well-known salubrity of the Washington, and the especial purity and softness of its water, cannot but recommend it to all those who would enjoy the luxury and the health-preserving virtues of the Bath.

Single Tickets, 25 cents; Five Tickets, $1.00; Eight Tickets, $1,50; Twelve Tickets, $2,00; Sixteen Tickets, $2,50; Forty Tickets, $5,00; One Hundred Tickets, (50, 40 Gentlemen, 40 Ladies, and 20 Children) $10,00.

New York, April 27, 1833. c6m

DR. I. FRANCIS,
DENTIST,
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ALL OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH PERFORMED on the most modern, improved, scientific principles, with the least possible pain, and correct professional skill. Gangrene of the teeth removed, and the decaying teeth rendered artificially sound, by stopping with gold, platinum, vegetable paste, metallic paste, silver or tin. Teeth nicely cleaned of salivary calculus, (*tartar,*) hence removing that peculiarly disgusting fetor of the breath. Irregularities in children's teeth prevented, in adults remedied. Teeth extracted with the utmost care and safety, and old stumps, fangs or roots remaining in the sockets, causing ulcers, gum biles, alveolar abscesses, and consequently an unpleasant breath, removed with nicety and ease.

Patent Aromatic Paste Dentrifice, for cleansing, beautifying, and preserving the teeth.

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CURE FOR TOOTH-ACHE.

Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops, the only Specific ever offered to the public, from which a radical and permaneut cure may be obtained, of that disagreeable, tormenting, excruciating pain, the Tooth-Ache.

The original certificate of the Patentee, from which the following extracts are taken, may be seen at the subscriber's Office, No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York.

"The subscriber would respectfully inform the public, that he has communicated a knowledge of the ingredients of which his celebrated Tooth-Ache Drops are pharmaceutically and *chemically* compounded, to Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street, who will always have a supply of the genuine article on hand, of the subscriber's own preparing. And the subscriber most cordially and earnestly recommends to any and every person afflicted with diseased teeth, or suffering the excruciating torments of the tooth-ache, to call as above, and have the disease eradicated, and the pain forever and entirely removed. This medicine not only cures the tooth-ache, but also arrests the progress of decay in teeth, and where teeth are diseased and decaying, and so extremely sensitive to the touch as not to bear the necessary pressure for stopping or filling, by (say a few days) previous application of this medicine, the teeth may be plugged in the firmest manner, and without pain. As to the cure of the tooth-ache there ever have been and ever will be, sceptics; but to the suffering patient, even one application of this medicine will often give entire relief, as thousands of living witnesses can now testify, and where the medicine is carefully and properly applied, it is believed it will never fail of its intended effect. In conclusion, the subscriber assures the public, that White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops, prepared by himself, Thomas White, the Patentee, can, at all times, in any quantity, be obtained in its utmost purity, of Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York. THOMAS WHITE, Patentee of Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth Ache Drops."

"New-York, 8th mo. 24th, 1830."

Recommendations at length cannot be expected in the confined limits of a circular; it must therefore suffice to observe, that these drops receive the decided and unqualified approbation of the medical faculty, of eminent scientific individuals, of the public at large; of the *savans* of Europe, among whom may be mentioned Sir Astley Cooper, Professor Bell, Dr. Parr, and many of the nobility of London and Paris.

The subscriber, in his practice as a Dental Surgeon, having extensively used in the cure of the Tooth-Ache, Thomas White's "Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops," and with decided success, he can recommend it, when genuine, as superior to any other remedy now before the public: If obtained of the subscriber and applied according to the accompanying "Directions for using," *a cure is guarantied.* JONATHAN DODGE,
No. 5 Chambers-street, N Y